

# ANALECTIC MAGAZINE, AND NAVAL CHRONICLE.

JULY, 1816.



## CHRONICLE.

### LIFE OF JOHN PAUL JONES.

AMONG the early names that occur in our naval wars, one of the most renowned in tradition is that of John Paul Jones. When boys, we remember he ranked in our estimation with Jack the giant killer, and other mighty characters in fairy lore; for at that age we do not discriminate precisely between

history and romance, and even in a more mature reason, we find mankind in every nation, paying a sort of pious devotion to names whose renown being merely traditionary, is necessarily mixed up with a vast proportion of exaggeration. Perhaps this, after all, is the best kind of fame, for it often happens that a nearer and more minute acquaintance with the great, diminishes our admiration, by enabling us to discover foibles that disappear in the shades of distance, where, as in the natural world, the little inequalities and deformities of the object, are lost in the beauty of the general outline. It is only in the period beyond the reach of history that men became gods, since in aftertimes the research of the historian penetrated the veil that shrouded the illustrious mortal, and too often discovered beneath it, much of the vice and the weakness which seems the inevitable legacy nature bestows on her children in every age and every clime. We question much, therefore, whether it is not rather a mistaken regard, or at least a mischievous curiosity, which prompts men to discover and give to the world, every thing that the most persevering research can recover from partial oblivion. There is no danger that the memory of a truly great man will ever die. If he be a poet, it will live in his song: if he be a warrior, those songs will carry his name on the wings of the muse, and whether as deity or mortal, as Hercules, or Achilles, Mango Capac, or Peter of Russia, posterity will inherit their fame, even should the revolutions of the world separate them from the parent hive, and carry them from the rising even to the setting sun. True, in the lapse of time, their fame may become vague, obscure, and undefined; yet it is a question whether this very obscurity does not enhance their glory, by giving a freer range to the imagination, and keeping from our view the little specks that, if the distance were less, would appear to the naked eye. The Persian magi, who worship the sun, as the soul of the universe, as one pure unsullied everlasting fire, would cease to reverence it as a divinity, were those numerous spots which the discoveries of science,



and the perfection of the telescope, have betrayed to the eyes of the philosopher, unveiled to the sight of the idolator. There is a sublime and awful mystery, a sort of poetical swell, accompanying the recollection of great men of whom little is known, except that they *were* great by the concurring testimony of generations, that far outweighs the reputation of those of whom we know every thing. There is a littleness about minuteness—there is so much that great men do exactly like other men—so much of trifle even in the details of important affairs—so vast a portion of every man's existence is filled up by nothingness—that when the whole of it is placed before our eyes, we are very apt to suppose that he who did so many common things like common people, was in reality but a common being. There are stopping places in the life of a great man, as on every great road, and if the space between is a dead flat, the traveller had better shut his eyes until he comes to the baiting spot, rather than strain his vision to catch something on one side or the other, worthy a place in his journal. Had it not been for Boswell, doctor Johnson would have been a great moralist, instead of a great bear, and we should have read his sublime precepts without the everlasting accompaniment of the growl, which that faithful follower has so minutely described.

Paul Jones, though neither a demigod, or bear, and not much of a moralist, that we know of, was yet a man of note in his time. He was honoured at the courts of princes, and we beg such of our readers as consider this as incontestible proof of merit, to bear it in mind. His name is familiar to the children of this country, and let me tell you, that this is no small proof of the root which a man's name has taken in the soil. The favourite books, and the favourite names of the young, are among those apt to live the longest—as the games of children pass down from age to age without ever being lost, and in truth without ever being varied. Be this as it may, we remember many years ago, to have seen in the small bookstores of the cities, stuck up at the windows, a little book

called *An Account of the Life of Paul Jones*, with a frontispiece placed against the inside of the glass, wherein he is represented on the deck of a ship, in the very act of shooting lieutenant Grubb through the head.

This picture impressed his name upon our minds when very young, and as we grew up his reputation assumed in our estimation a more authentic and definite character. But it lost in brilliancy what it gained in truth. It was then we became used to hear of him as a renegado, a freebooter, brave indeed, to desperation, but paying little regard to the rules of civilized warfare, and still less to the rights and feelings of humanity. In the British, and anglo-American magazines, and newspapers of those times, he appears in the character of a lawless pirate, whose courage and daring entitled him to no other fame, but what might be derived from an association with *Blackbeard* or the renowned *captain Kyd*, for whose buried treasures, some people still dig along our coasts. He is stigmatized as a fugitive from justice, as a traitor to his country, as the plunderer of his benefactor, and as a pernicious ungovernable monster, equally beyond the restraints of morality, of public opinion, and private duties.

On the other hand, we have read of his being a very different sort of a man, and the baron De Grimm, in his correspondence which has lately been published, mentions him as figuring at Paris among men of wit, and women of refinement,—where the least grossness of manners would have excluded him,—writing poetry, and making himself acceptable to the belles of that famous city.

Of a man so confessedly brave—so often mentioned—so variously represented—and so little known—it seemed worth while to know more. But our principal inducement to inquire into his history and character, was a conviction that one had been misrepresented, and the other calumniated. One of the evils of modern warfare is, that it confounds all human character, destroys all distinctions of virtue and vice, and produces a regular system of calumny, the effects of which re-



main rankling in the bosom, long after the real evils of war are forgotten. In this disgraceful contest, all regard to truth is sacrificed—the distinction between the authorized, and unauthorized modes of hostility are lost sight of—all that are opposed to us are bad, all that are friendly are good—the one is represented as wanting every virtue—the other as without a stain, and thus the man, who, on one side of a river is little less than a demon, is on the other little less than a divinity. All the ancient courtesy which dignified and adorned the days of chivalry, is lost in the bitterness of this war of words, and like the heroes of Homer, no two nations can now enter the lists without, at the same time, abusing each other like two irritated viragoes. If nations were to content themselves merely with blows, they would be much better friends afterwards. They would forget their bruises and wounds in time; but the abuse which is recorded of each other, is a source of eternal heart-burning, and long after the injuries of war are forgotten, the insults of the press are remembered for future vengeance.

Whatever may have been the defects in the character of Paul Jones, or whatever his demerits towards the country of his birth, from us he deserves at least such a justification as may be warranted by the truth. He served this country well in her hour of peril, and if, in so doing, he broke the ties which bound him to another, is it for us to become his accusers—or to listen in silence to the accusation? No duty requires from an individual, or a nation, that they should be ungrateful; nor for our part do we know of any moral obligation, which forbids us to extenuate the faults, or vindicate the fame, of one who was our friend, when friends were valuable in proportion as they were rare. His motives were nothing to the people of the United States, and we will now proceed to the detail of his life and actions, so far as they have come to our knowledge.

John Paul Jones was a native of Scotland, and was born the 23d of September, 1747, at Selkirk.\* His father was a

\* "See Memoirs of an American Officer." The writer states that he derived this information from a written memorandum from an old book in captain

tenant of the earl of Selkirk, and it is said officiated as gardener to that nobleman. He never, according to his own acknowledgment, went to any regular school; an old maiden aunt who lived in the family taught him to read, and this was all the instruction he received till the age of nine years, when he left his home without taking leave of any living soul, and set forth, with the clothes he had on, and no money, to seek his fortune. The freaks of Fortune, notwithstanding she is railed at as cruelly capricious, are not always ill natured, and those who trust to her guidance with unlimited reliance, often find her an indulgent mother. There are two kinds of people who go forth, as the phrase is, to seek their fortunes: one in reckless desperation, the consequence of disappointments at home, caused by their own want of industry and prudence—the other from a sort of innate consciousness that they are not born to the situation in which accident has placed them, and that the sphere of action allotted to them by birth, is not the one in which nature intended they should figure. The former seldom better their situation, because the same want of prudence generally produces the same effect in every situation; but the latter, relying on their own vigour of mind, often rise to distinctions which seem placed forever beyond their reach by the accident of birth. Those, therefore, who go forth into the world the children of Fortune, are not always prompted by a mere idle impatience of the restraints of home, or the salutary restrictions of parental authority, but often by a secret self-consciousness, which seems almost ever the accompaniment of superior genius.

Jones having thus at the age of nine years adopted Fortune for his stepmother, bent his way to Leith, where he engaged himself as cabin-boy in a ship engaged in the coal trade. In this situation he continued; at seventeen he was mate

Jones's possession, called "The Way to be Happy in a Miserable World," which was afterwards lost in the *Bon Homme Richard*. It is also conformable to Jones's verbal declarations.



of a ship, and a captain at nineteen. About five years afterwards, we find him in the command of a large merchantman trading between England and the West Indies. While master of this vessel an unfortunate occurrence took place, which led him to seek refuge in the united colonies, then struggling for independence. It seems that the carpenter had been in fault, and in the course of a punishment which Jones caused to be inflicted upon him, he jumped overboard, and was drowned. On his return to Hull, Jones was arrested and thrown into prison, from whence he made his escape to the United States, being apprehensive that his crew, among whom his severe discipline made him not much of a favourite, would give this affair a turn that might endanger his life.

During the period which had elapsed between his quitting home, and arriving in America, he had been indefatigable in supplying the deficiencies of his early want of education, and had sedulously employed all his leisure hours in acquiring knowledge. His mind might therefore be said to have been considerably cultivated, and his manners were those of a gentleman. It is not known through whose influence he obtained it, but not long after he was appointed a midshipman, in the first squadron fitted out by congress, under commodore Hopkins, in which he sailed against New Providence. During this expedition, he gained the notice of some of his superior officers, and soon after his return received a commission, and the command of a sloop of war carrying twelve guns. In this vessel he made a successful cruise, capturing and sending in several prizes. Soon after this he received a commission from congress to command a new ship called the *Ranger*, mounting eighteen six-pounders, and carrying one hundred and fifty men. In this vessel he sailed directly for the coast of England, where he created great alarm, and among other exploits destroyed sixteen vessels in the port of Hull.

It was on this cruise that he caused an attempt to be made to seize the earl of Selkirk at his country seat, with an intention of carrying him to France. As this is one of the transac-

tions that have been related to his disadvantage, we will give it in detail, together with the motives which Jones afterwards urged in his extenuation, in a letter to the countess of Selkirk. When off Whitehaven, he sent his boats, with a party of men on shore, for the express and sole purpose of seizing the earl. They landed without opposition, and proceeded to the earl's seat, but as his lordship was then in London attending his parliamentary duties, the object of their descent could not be obtained, and in revenge, probably for this disappointment, they plundered the house, and carried off his lordship's plate. Jones always asserted that this was done without his orders, and took the first opportunity to write a letter apologising to the countess of Selkirk, for the conduct of his men, which he disavowed, and declared his intention of restoring the plate by the first opportunity. This letter was published at the time, and excited considerable attention, being well written, and containing a deal of wit and gallantry.

Jones particularly stated that his object was to carry the earl of Selkirk to Paris, and there detain him as an hostage, until the British cabinet should consent to an exchange of the American prisoners. It is well known that for a considerable time after the commencement of the war, the government of England treated the American prisoners with singular harshness, and stigmatized them as rebels, that were held in custody to be hanged at a convenient season. Every one remembers the remonstrances of general Washington on this subject, and that it was only his reiterated threats of exemplary retaliation, with the conviction that from the character of Washington for exemplary firmness, they would certainly be put into execution, that at last brought about a regular exchange. Contumely, ill treatment, and hopeless imprisonment were the lot of our countrymen taken in arms, and Jones, as an officer bearing the commission of congress, was justified, at least to this country, in an attempt that had for its object, the ultimate liberation of those engaged in the same cause with himself. The attempt showed a mind above the ordinary stamp, and



that it produced other effects, we have no authority to say was his fault. He disavowed the act of plunder, and the plate was restored by the first favourable opportunity, whether voluntarily on the part of Jones, or by order of the American ambassador at Paris, does not however distinctly appear. Of a man so noted and so obnoxious to a great literary nation like England, whose pen is more dangerous to the reputation, than her sword is to the life, of her enemies, it is difficult to judge at this distance. All we can say is, that we have not been able to procure one decisive evidence on this head, and following the maxim of criminal law, we shall consider him innocent, until he is proved otherwise. The publications of those days in England, teem with libels on poor Jones, and all the usual vulgar reproaches of vulgar writers were poured on his head. It was said "that he fought with a halter about his neck;" "that he never would fight until he was drunk"—"that he was pot-valiant," and a variety of the same refined reproaches, that have since been coupled even with the names of our distinguished naval officers of the present day. In the print-shops of London, he was represented with twelve pistols stuck in his girdle, and three men kneeling at his feet, whom it was plainly to be seen by the ferocity of his countenance, he intended to shoot without remorse. Paul Jones, the pirate, was his usual acceptation, although he held a commission from that congress which was then exercising the powers of sovereignty, and never in the whole course of his life committed any outrages on humanity, half so flagrant, as those for which admiral Cockburn received the honour of knighthood, and which, as suits the interests of England, are one day the acts of a pirate, the next of a hero. Ever since the writers of the *Anti Jacobin*, stigmatized, doing justice to the character of their enemies, as a species of "canting candour" unworthy the character of a true-born Englishman, the people of that nation, and their political guides, seem to have had but one criterion of human character. Whoever was on their side was a hero or a saint—even though it were Ferdinand, or the

pope; and every body opposed to them, a tyrant or an infidel. When the crack-brained king of Sweden denounced Bonaparte as *Mr. Bonaparte*, and took the field against him, with a few hundred men, he was a second Gustavus Adolphus, and his rival Charles Jean, the present crown prince, was nothing but "a French corporal," though when he afterwards took part against the French, *his countrymen*, the very same writers, and the very same people, spoke of him with the highest commendation, and the government gave him, by way of douceur, a whole kingdom that did not belong to them. Thus it is that the characters of men are metamorphosed by great literary nations, who, when they would conquer their enemies, content themselves with destroying their reputation.

From the coast of Scotland, the *Ranger* passed to the coast of Ireland, and while cruising off Waterford, Jones was informed by some fishermen, that there was a British vessel of war lying in the port, called the *Drake*, mounting twenty-two guns. Jones resolved to try his skill, and the courage of his men. He therefore wrote a challenge to the captain of the *Drake*, stating the force of the *Ranger*, and requesting a meeting, for the purpose of exchanging a few broadsides. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the *Drake* proceeded to sea, cheered by the inhabitants as she passed out of the harbour. The ships met, and engaged about an hour, when the English flag was struck, after making several unsuccessful attempts to board the *Ranger*. Before the action, captain Jones is said to have particularly instructed his topmen how to fire, and the commanders of the guns to be particular in taking good aim, before they discharged their pieces. The *Drake*, according to a memorandum in Jones' journal, was badly manœuvred, and her crew several times were in great confusion from the severity of his fire. The carnage on board the *Drake* was terrible, a great proportion of her crew being killed and wounded. The loss of the *Ranger* was twelve killed and nine wounded. The *Ranger* carried her prize safe into a French port.



Soon after this affair, he was appointed to the *Good Man Richard*, which sailed from L'Orient the 14th day of August, 1779, with intent to cruise in the English channel, accompanied by the *Alliance* of 36 guns; the *Monsieur* of 22 guns; the *Palais* of 28 guns; the *Vengeance* of 16 guns; and a cutter mounting 10 guns. The whole squadron was under the orders of commodore Jones, who now assumed the lofty title of "Commander in chief of all the American ships of war in Europe." Notwithstanding this, it appears that his junior officers were either not under good discipline, or did not fully recognize his authority, for two days after sailing, a violent dispute took place between him and the captain of the *Monsieur*, who in consequence left the squadron without ceremony, and went back to France.

On the 17th of August, off the Irish coast, and abreast of Dungarvan, the squadron made a large ship, to windward standing in towards the land. Signal was made to the *Alliance* to ascertain what she was, and after approaching the stranger till nearly within cannon shot, returned, captain L— reporting the vessel to be a line of battle ship, as he had been near enough to see her upper battery. Jones, who was apt to be a little passionate, made a reply, in which he insinuated that L— was frightened, else he never would have mistaken a frigate for a two-decker. For this L— never forgave him, and at a subsequent period, travelled over half Europe to call him to account, as he used to affirm! Continuing their cruise, they captured a number of vessels, the most valuable of which they sent into France, and sunk the others. Being now in the neighbourhood of Leith, Jones formed a plan to lay that city under contribution. His intention was to sail up the river under British colours, which he imagined he could do without suspicion, and when opposite the city, which not expecting an enemy, would of course be entirely unprepared for resistance, to moor his ships with spring cables, and threaten to batter it with red-hot shot, unless they paid the sum he required, which was one hundred

thousand pounds. This plan met with great opposition from his officers, but Jones persevered. Having supplied all his officers with British uniforms, they accordingly sailed up the river, and hove too within gun-shot of the fortress which commands the passage. Here they made signal for pilots, who came on board immediately, and the squadron was only prevented from proceeding, by the circumstance of the tide being unfavourable. While waiting for it to turn, the commanding officer at Leith, mistaking them for English, dispatched a boat to inquire the name of the commander, his ships, &c., and to offer the usual compliments: he also inquired whether they intended to come up to the town; if not, he requested a supply of powder, as there was none in the place, and he was apprehensive, as there were many American privateers in the neighbourhood, they might come up in the night and destroy the town, which could be easily done, as the citizens were in great alarm, and unprepared to resist a sudden attack. The want of powder was one of those circumstances, which often favour daring designs, and render undertakings apparently desperate, easy in their execution. Places either remote from the apprehension of actual dangers, or relying on their natural strength for protection, are generally careless of the means necessary to their security, and experience has verified the truth, that of undertakings that were considered rash, if not desperate, a greater proportion have succeeded, than of those which were supposed to require neither caution or valour. On the one side the idea of security causes a neglect of the means resorted to in other places more exposed; and on the other, inspires the necessity of extraordinary secrecy and celerity. No place can be considered safe from an enemy, that is carelessly guarded, and no place is of easy conquest that is protected by vigilance.

The officer sent with the governor's compliments, having been despatched with proper answers to his inquiries, and a barrel of powder, the squadron remained impatiently waiting



the turn of the tide, confident of success, when accident, which so often gives the turn to human events, frustrated the design which had thus far so prosperously proceeded. The wind suddenly shifted, and blew strongly down the river, and about the same time an English brig which had been captured at the mouth of the river, was either by accident or design run on shore, and her former crew took the opportunity of making their escape, notwithstanding every exertion to prevent them. As it was obvious that these fugitives would give the alarm to the town, and that in consequence, the garrison of the castle, which commands the harbour of Leith, would be notified, so as to prevent their departure pretty effectually, it was instantly resolved to take advantage of the wind, which fortunately favoured, to return to sea. This they did without being fired upon by the castle, or in any way molested in their progress.

From thence they cruised off Scarborough, where, after remaining some days without any incident worth relating, on the 22d of September, 1779, they fell in with a convoy of thirty-seven sail, under the protection of two ships of war, Jones immediately gave signal for the squadron to chase, and on coming up and discovering that the two convoying vessels were, one a frigate, the other a sloop of war, directed the Alliance to engage the former in conjunction with the Good Man Richard, the Palais to take care of the sloop. When pretty near, the enemy hoisted St. George's ensign, which was immediately followed by running up the thirteen stripes. Almost immediately after, the largest of the enemy's ships made a signal, upon which the smaller one, set all sail, and made the best of her way to the leeward, followed by the Palais and the Alliance, the latter thus disobeying Jones's express orders. The Vengeance being far astern, did not come up during the whole ensuing action, and the Good Man Richard now remained alone to try the event of the contest. Just before its commencement, the St. George's ensign was hauled down on

board the enemy, who hoisted a red flag, which was nailed to the flag-staff by the captain himself.

The Good Man Richard was at this time upwards of sixty years old. She was originally a French king's ship, condemned at Brest, and purchased by the French East India company. After making two voyages in their service, she was again condemned, and laid up as a hulk in the basin of L'Orient, from whence she was permitted to be fitted out by the Americans. She carried forty guns; six eighteens, fourteen twelves, fourteen nines, and six sixes. Her crew amounted to three hundred and eighty, men and boys.

The Serapis was commanded by captain Parsons, who was, it is said, descended like Jones from poor parents, and born in the county of Cornwall. Accident brought him into the service, and merit raised him to his present station. His ship, according to the English custom, was rated a forty-four, but mounted fifty guns, as follows: twenty eighteen-pounders on the lower deck, and thirty sixes on the upper deck, quarter deck, and forecastle. Her crew consisted of three hundred and twenty men. We shall give the details of the action in the words of an eye-witness.

"At a quarter past 8, just as the moon was rising with a majestic appearance, the weather being clear, the surface of the great deep perfectly smooth, even as in a mill-pond, the enemy hailed us 'what ship is that?' The answer from our ship was, 'come a little nearer and I'll tell you.' The next question put by the enemy in a contemptuous manner was, 'what are you laden with?' The answer was, if my memory does not deceive me, 'round, grape, and double-headed shot.' Instantly the Serapis poured her range of upper and quarter deck guns into us; as she did not show her lower deck guns until about ten minutes after the action commenced. The reason of this I could not learn, but suppose, they intended to have taken us without the aid of their lower deck guns. We returned the enemy's fire, and thus the action began. At the first fire, three of our starboard lower deck guns burst, and killed and wounded most of the men stationed at



them. As soon as captain Jones heard of this circumstance, he gave orders not to fire the three other eighteen pounders mounted upon that deck, but that the men stationed at them should abandon them. Soon after we perceived the enemy, by the light of their lanterns, busy in running out their guns between decks, which convinced us the *Serapis* was a two-decker, and more than our match. She had by this time got under our stern, which we could not prevent. She now raked us with whole broadsides, and showers of musketry, several of her eighteen pound shot having gone through and through our ship, on board of which she made a dreadful havoc among our crew. The wind was now very light, and our ship not under proper command, and the *Serapis* out-sailing us two feet to one, which advantage the enemy discovered, and improved it by keeping under our stern and raking us fore and aft, till at last the poor French colonel, who was stationed on the poop, finding almost all his men slain, quitted that station with his surviving men, and retired upon the quarter deck. All this time our tops kept up an incessant and well directed fire into the enemy's tops, which did great execution. The *Serapis* continued to take a position under our stern or athwart the bow, and galled us in such a manner, that our men fell in all parts of the ship by scores. At this juncture, it became necessary on the part of our commander, to give some orders to extricate us from this scene of bloody carnage; for had it lasted half an hour longer, in all human probability, the enemy would have slain nearly all our officers and men, and we been obliged to strike our colours and yield to a superior force. Accordingly, captain Jones ordered the sailing master, a true blooded Yankee, whose name was Stacy, to lay the enemy's ship on board; and as the *Serapis* soon after passed across our fore foot, our helm was put hard a weather, the main and mizen topsails braced aback, were filled away, and a fresh flaw of wind swelling them at that instant, our ship shot quick ahead, and ran her jibboom between the enemy's starboard mizen shrouds and mizen vang. Jones at the same time cried out, 'well done, my brave lads, we have got her now; throw on board the grappling irons, and stand by for boarding.' This was done, and the enemy soon cut away the chains which were fixed to the grappling irons; more were thrown on board, and often repeated.

We now hauled the enemy's ship snug along side ours, with the trailings to our grappling irons; her jib-stay was cut away aloft, and fell upon our ship's poop, where captain Jones was at that time assisting Mr. Stacy in making fast the end of the enemy's jib-stay to our mizen mast. He here checked the sailing master for swearing, by saying, 'Mr. Stacy, this is no time for swearing—you may be the next moment in eternity;—but let us do our duty.' A strong current was now setting in towards Scarborough; the wind ceased to blow, and the sea again became smooth as glass. By this time, the enemy, finding they could not easily extricate themselves from us, let go one of their anchors, expecting that if they could cut us adrift, the current would set us away out of their reach, at least for some time. The action had now lasted about forty minutes, and the fire from our tops having been kept up without intermission, with musketry, blunderbusses, swivels, and pistols, directing into their tops, these last, at this time became silent, excepting one man in her fore top, who would once in a while peep out from behind the head of their fore mast, and fire upon us. As soon as I perceived this fellow, I ordered the marines in the main top to reserve their next fire, and the moment they got sight of him, to level their pieces and fire, which they did, and we soon saw this skulking tar, or marine, fall out of the top upon the enemy's forecastle. Our ensign staff was shot away, and both that and the thirteen stripes had fallen into the sea in the beginning of the action. This ought to have been mentioned before, but I had so many other circumstances to relate of more importance, and the succession was so quick, one close upon the heels of another, that I hope the reader will take this for an excuse. Both ships now lying head and stern, and so near each other, that our heaviest cannon amid ships, as well as those of the enemy, could be of no use, as they could be neither spunged or loaded. In this situation, the enemy, to prevent, as they told us afterwards, our boarding *them*, leaped on board of our ship, and some of them had actually got upon the fore part of our quarter deck. Several were there killed, and the rest driven back on board their own ship, whither some of our men followed them, and were mostly killed. Several other attempts to board were made by both parties in quick succession, in consequence of which many were slain upon the two



ships' gangways, on both sides. We were now something more than a league E. by S. from a point of land called Flamborough Head, and in about ten or twelve fathom water; and the reader may rest assured, that as the *Serapis*' anchor was at the bottom, and her crew not having leisure to weigh it, we remained here till the battle was at an end. At this time the enemy's fleet was discernable by the moonlight in shore of us, but we could not perceive any of our squadron except the *Vengeance*, and the small tender which lay about half a league astern of us, neither of whom dared to come to our assistance. It had now got to be about 48 minutes since the action began, as near as I can judge, for we certainly had no time to keep glasses running, or to look at our watches. The enemy's tops being entirely silenced, the men in ours had nothing to do, but direct their whole fire down upon his decks, which we did, and with so much success, that in about 25 minutes more we had cleared her quarter and main decks, so that not a man on board the *Serapis* was to be seen. However, they still kept up a constant fire with four of their foremost bow guns on the starboard side, viz. two eighteen pounders upon her lower gun deck, and two nine pounders on her upper gun deck. These last were mounted on her forecastle, under cover from our fire from the tops. Her cannon on the larboard side upon the quarter deck and forecastle, from the position of both ships, were rendered altogether useless. Her four guns which she could manage, annoyed us, however, very much, and did considerable damage.

"About this time some of the enemy's light sails caught fire; this communicated itself to her rigging, and from thence to ours: thus were both ships on fire at the same time, and the firing ceased on both sides till it was extinguished by the contending parties, after which the action was renewed again. By the time this was done, the top-men in our tops had taken possession of the enemy's tops, which was done by reason of the *Serapis*' yards being locked together with ours, so that we could with ease go from our main top into the enemy's fore top; and so on, from our fore top into his main top. Having a knowledge of this, we transported from our own into the enemy's tops, flasks, hand-granades, &c., which we threw among them whenever they made their appearance. The battle had now continued about three hours, and as

we in fact had possession of the Serapis' top which commanded her quarter deck, upper deck, and forecastle, we were well assured that the enemy could not hold out much longer, and were momentarily expecting they would strike to us, when the following farcical piece was acted on board of our ship.

"It seems that a report was at this time circulated among our crew between decks, and was credited by them, that captain Jones and all his principal officers were slain; that the gunners were now the commanders of the ship; that the ship had four or five feet water in her hold; and that she was then sinking. The persons who reported this advised, therefore, the gunner to go on deck, with the carpenter and master at arms, and beg of the enemy quarter, in order to save their lives. These three men being thus delegated, mounted the quarter deck, and bawled out as loud as they could, 'quarter, quarter, for God's sake, quarter! our ship is sinking!' and immediately got upon the ship's poop with a view of hawling down the colours. Hearing this in the top, I told my men that the enemy had struck, for I actually thought the voices of these men sounded as if on board the enemy; but in this I was soon undeceived. The three poltroons finding the ensign and ensign staff gone, proceeded to the quarter deck, and were in the act of hawling down our pendant, still bawling for 'quarter,' when I heard our commodore say, 'what rascals are those—shoot them—kill them.' He was on the forecastle when these fellows first made their appearance upon the quarter deck, where he had just discharged his pistols at some of the enemy. The carpenter and master at arms, hearing his voice, skulked below, and the gunner was attempting to do the same, when the commodore threw his pistols at his head, one of which knocked him down at the foot of the gangway, where he lay till the battle was over. Both ships now took fire again; and on board our ship it communicated to, and set fire to our main top, which threw us into the greatest consternation imaginable for some time, and it was not without some exertion and difficulty that it was overcome. The water, which we had in a tub in the fore top was expended without extinguishing the fire. We next had recourse to our clothes, pulling off our coats and jackets, and then throwing them on the fire, and tramping upon them, which in a short time smothered it.



Both crews were also now, as before, busily employed in stopping the progress of the flames, and the firing on both sides ceased. The enemy now demanded if we had struck, having heard the three poltroons halloo for quarter. 'If you have, said they, why don't you hawl down your pendant,' as they saw our ensign was gone. 'Ay, ay,' said captain Jones, 'we'll do that when we can fight no longer—but we shall see yours come down first, for you must know, Yankees do not hawl down their colours, till they are fairly beaten.' The combat now commenced again with more fury if possible than before, on the part of both, and continued for a few minutes, when the cry of fire was again heard on board both ships. The firing ceased again, and both crews were once more employed in extinguishing it. This was soon done, when the battle was renewed again with redoubled vigour, with what cannon we could manage, hand-granades, &c., but principally towards the closing scene with lances and boarding-pikes. With these the combatants killed each other through the ships' port-holes, which were pretty large, and the guns that had been run out at them, having been rendered useless, as before observed, had been removed out of the way. At three quarters past 11, P.M. the Alliance frigate hove in sight, approached within pistol shot of our stern, and began a heavy and well directed fire into *us*, as well as the enemy, which made some of our officers, as well as men, believe she was a British man of war. The moon, as if ashamed to behold this bloody scene any longer, retired behind a dark cloud. It was in vain that some of our officers hailed her, and desired her not to fire again; it was in vain that they were told they were firing into the wrong vessel; it was in vain they were told that they had killed a number of our men; it was in vain also they were told that the enemy was fairly beaten, and that he must strike his colours in a few minutes. The Alliance, I say, notwithstanding all this, kept a position either ahead of us, or under our stern, and made a great deal of havoc and confusion on board of our ship, nor did she cease firing entirely, till the signal of recognizance was displayed in full view on board of our ship; which was three lighted lanterns ranged in a horizontal line about fifteen feet high, upon the fore, main, and mizen shrouds on the larboard side. This was done in order, if possible, to undeceive the Alliance, and had the desired effect,

the firing from her now ceasing. At thirty-five minutes past 12 at night, a single hand-granade was thrown by one of our men out of the main top of the enemy, with a design to disperse a number of the enemy, who were huddled together between the gun decks. On its way it struck one side of the combings of her upper hatchway, and rebounding from that, took a direction, and fell between decks, where it communicated to a quantity of loose powder scattered about the enemy's cannon. The hand-granade bursting at the same time, made a dreadful explosion, and blew up about twenty of the enemy. This closed the scene; the enemy now in turn called out for quarter, but it was some time, however, before the colours were struck. The captain of the *Serapis* gave repeated orders for one of the crew to ascend the quarter deck and hawl down the English flag, but no one would stir to do it. They told the captain they were afraid of our riflemen, believing that all our men who had muskets were of that description. The captain of the *Serapis*, therefore, ascended the quarter deck himself, and hauled down the very flag which he had nailed to the flag staff a little before the battle, with a determination, as he expressed it, of never striking it to that infamous pirate John Paul Jones. The enemy's flag being struck, captain Jones ordered Richard Dale, his first lieutenant, to select out of the crew a number of men, and take possession of the prize, which was immediately put in execution.

“ Thus ended this ever memorable battle, after a continuance of a few minutes more than four hours. The officers, headed by the captain of the *Serapis*, now came on board our ship. Captain Parsons inquired for captain Jones, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Mase, our purser. The former accosted captain Jones, in presenting his sword in this manner—‘ It is with great reluctance I am obliged to resign my sword to a man, who may be said to fight with a halter about his neck.’ Jones took no notice of this insult, but gallantly replied, ‘ sir, you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt, your sovereign will reward you for it in the most ample manner.’ ”\*

The loss in this desperate action was dreadful, and both ships exhibited a terrible spectacle of carnage. In calling over the

\* See Life of Captain Nathaniel Fanning.



roll of the *Good-Man-Richard*, it appeared that, one hundred and sixty-five officers, men, and boys were killed, and one hundred and thirty-seven wounded and missing; among the wounded was the gunner who called so lustily for quarters, and who was knocked down by captain Jones's pistol. Though severely wounded, he recovered, and was placed before the mast, which was all the punishment he underwent at that time. The loss of the *Serapis* was not near so great as that of her antagonist, it appearing from her muster roll, that one hundred and thirty-seven including officers had been killed, and about seventy-six wounded. The battle was fought near Flamborough Head, and several hundred people were witnesses of it from the shore. When we consider it in all its circumstances; the length of its continuance; the desperate courage displayed on both sides; the variety of its vicissitudes, and the loss which was mutually suffered, there is in it a character of daring, obstinate, and invincible courage, of which few parallels exist in the annals of warfare. It was "*Diamond cut Diamond*," as captain Parsons is said to have observed, when on inquiring of Jones, he learned that nearly all his crew were Americans. The answer which Jones gave to captain Parsons, when he insulted him with the imputation of being a criminal is peculiarly entitled to notice, as it furnishes a complete refutation of the idea which has been industriously circulated, that he was a brutal savage, endued indeed with courage, but destitute alike of the manners and feelings of a gentleman. The mind in truth is too apt to associate courage and ferocity together, and it is seldom we hear of a daring or desperate exploit, but we figure to our minds, a sort of rugged barbarian, with the form of a Hercules, the countenance of a savage, and the manners of a rough, uncultivated man. And yet true courage, though sometimes a physical quality, is more generally a virtue of sentiment, and is therefore a natural concomitant of refinement of manners, until that refinement degenerates into effeminacy. The courage of the savage is craft—although we are in the habit of confounding the forti-

tude which enables him to meet death when it is inevitable, with the courage that prompts a man to seek danger as a matter of choice, where reputation is to be obtained. The courage of a barbarian, grows out of the habits of his life, and is rather a negative quality, the mere absence of fear—he meets danger because he is used to it. It is only among men in a state of mental refinement, is found that pure essence of courage, that looks danger full in the face, weighs it to a scruple, estimates it to a hair, and then grapples with it for the prize of glory.

Four days after the action, the *Serapis* was in a condition to have sail made upon her; and the whole squadron, with the exception of the *Good Man Richard* which sunk not long after the action, made all sail for the coast of Holland. On the third of October, they arrived off the Texel bar, whence capt. Jones despatched a complimentary letter to the Dutch admiral, at the same time requesting permission to anchor in the Texel Road. The Admiral absolutely refused this, as the Dutch were not then at war with England. At this time a British squadron appeared at no great distance, and Jones repeated his demand—threatening the admiral with the responsibility of whatever consequence might ensue if he again refused. This had the desired effect, and the squadron proceeded into the roads, just as the British fleet had approached nearly within gun-shot.

In the scanty and dispersed notices we have been able to collect, it is difficult in some cases, and impossible in others to trace Jones step by step. But it appears that he some time afterwards proceeded to the city of Amsterdam, where he was received in a manner that excited the indignation of the British ambassador, who demanded that the British prisoners taken by Jones should be given up, and threatened to embark for England in case of refusal. The Dutch government being intimidated, seemed willing to comply with this demand, and to give up the ships as well as the men—hereupon Jones, directed his officers to prepare for sailing at a moment's warning. When all was prepared, captain Jones, came on board the



Serapis at ten o'clock at night, and gave orders for the officers and crew of the Serapis to repair immediately on board the Alliance; at the same time directing captain Cotteneau with the crew of the Palais to take possession of the Serapis and hoist the French colours. This was done to embarrass the Dutch in their design to deliver up that ship, and the manœuvre completely defeated the intention, as the French minister now claimed the prize. Soon after, taking advantage of a favourable wind they eluded a British squadron which was off the Texel by order of the British minister, to receive the prize, and got safe to L'Orient. Here being blockaded by the English squadron, from the Texel, the Alliance of which Jones had now the command, had her tops taken down, and captain Jones ordered new ones to be made much larger, as he was always of opinion, that in close actions it was peculiarly advantageous to have a large force in the tops.

While at L'Orient, captain L. late of the Alliance arrived at that place. He had been suspended by the American ambassador and ordered to Paris, for his conduct in the engagement between the Good Man Richard and Serapis. Before he left Holland however, he had challenged both Jones and the captain of the Palais. The former refused his challenge, but captain Cotteneau of the Palais gave him a meeting, and received a severe wound from L. Watching his opportunity, he, in the absence of Jones, came on board the Alliance, accompanied by his officers, and showing the commission he had received from Congress, demanded to be re-instated in his rights. The authority of Congress was conceived to be superior to that of the American minister at Paris, by whose order L— had been suspended, and the captain took possession, got under way, and anchored, without the reach of the French batteries. Jones was in a furious passion, when he discovered this manœuvre, and so mortified at being thus out-generaled by L—, whom he hated as well as despised, that he proposed to his officers who had quitted the Alliance, all sorts of desperate plans for regaining possession of that vessel.

None of them succeeded, and captain L— soon after triumphantly set sail for America, with the public mail on board.

Jones being now without his ship, and having nothing else to do, took a trip to Paris, where he was received with much distinction, not only by the people, but by the king and queen, and of course by all the courtiers. The king presented him with a sword, and the queen permitted him to sit in her box at the opera. It was at this period that he became known to the famous baron de Grimm, who mentions him in his correspondence, as one of the distinguished characters then figuring at Paris. The baron says that Jones was a great gallant, and wrote poetry for the ladies. He was also noticed for his bon mots. Dining one day with the count de Vergennes, minister of foreign affairs, at that time, the count took occasion to pay him a compliment on his conduct in the engagement between the *Serapis* and Good Man Richard, and one of the company observed; that captain Parsons had been knighted for his conduct. Jones replied, "if I should ever have the good fortune to meet him again with a ship of equal force, it shall go hard but I will make a *lord* of him." This reply was circulated through the city, and while he remained in Paris, he received daily invitations from people of the first rank and reputation.

On his return to L'Orient, he applied for the command of the *Ariel*, a twenty gun ship, formerly taken by the French from the English. His influence was so great not only over the people, but the commandant of the place, that he was familiarly called the "king of Brittany," in which province L'Orient is situated. His request for the *Ariel* was therefore complied with, and the ship being got in readiness, he sailed for the United States the 7th of October 1780, with a convoy of fourteen sail of American merchantmen. The same day he was separated from them in a gale, in which they were obliged to cut away some of their masts, and returned to L'Orient with great difficulty, after the storm. Having refitted his ship, Jones, previous to his second departure, gave



à great entertainment to the ladies and officers of L'Orient, in which he exhibited a sham-fight, (which frightened all the ladies,) and feasted the gentlemen till twelve at night, at an expense of upwards of three thousand dollars. Immediately after he sailed for the United States, with several vessels under convoy, only two of which ever arrived. On his passage, and near the island of Bermuda, he fell in with a thirty-two gun British frigate, which hailed, and demanded that he should send his boat on board. Jones pretending to make preparations for coming on board, caused every thing to be got ready for firing into the enemy, when he should give orders, and ordered the man at the helm to lay the Ariel close aboard the frigate. When within pistol shot, he poured a broad side into her, and taking advantage of the confusion, wore round, and gave her the other, when she sunk without firing a single gun.

After this, we lose sight of Jones entirely, until we find him an admiral in the Russian service, to which he had been invited by the empress Catherine. The journal which he kept while in this station, is still in existence somewhere, but we have not been able to procure it, and are consequently at a loss for materials to supply the incidents of this part of his life. The tradition, however, is, that he was driven from this service by the hostility of the English interest at Petersburg, and in the Russian navy, where there were many English captains, who of course would feel mortified to serve under him. From Russia it is believed he returned to Paris, where, in 1792, he headed a deputation of Americans, who appeared before the constituent assembly to offer their congratulations on the glorious and salutary reform of their government. This was before the flight, and consequent death of the king.

This is the last we hear of him in public transactions, and it appears from the Paris papers of that time, that he died in that city, in great poverty, although it is certain that he left a considerable tract of land, since claimed by his heirs. This land was however then of little or no value, being in a coun-

try then entirely unsettled. When the constituent assembly heard of the death of Jones, a motion was made that a committee should attend his funeral. Some objections were made on the score of a difference of religion, but they were overruled, and the committee accordingly followed the body of Jones to the grave.

John Paul Jones was, in his person, about five feet and a half high, well formed, with a face of warlike character, but exhibiting at the same time deep traces of thought. Through life, indeed, he was addicted to intense study, in the intervals of active employment, and it was customary with him to spend a great part of the night in reading. It was in this way he surmounted the disadvantages of his want of early education, and attained to a style of writing, as well as of manners, which raised him to a level with thousands, who have been blessed with every youthful advantage. He possessed a natural sagacity, as well as a happy quality in acquiring an influence over men, that marked a mind of considerable powers, both of reasoning and observation; and in the management of his crew, as well as the conduct of a battle, was reckoned equal to any man of his time. He has been accused of want of courage, because he refused to fight captain L—, who, it is said, followed him over half Europe to call him to account, for affirming that he fired into the *Bonne Homme Richard*, instead of the *Serapis*. By the English it was affirmed at that time, that he was a coward except in his cups, and that he never fought when sober, although all accounts of those who knew him well, agree in saying that he was a man of exemplary sobriety. Every action of captain Jones, in his capacity of an officer, is distinctly marked by a desperate gallantry, accompanied by a coolness in calculation, a dexterity in taking advantage of incidents, and a kind of airy jocularitv in the midst of perils, which we never saw in a coward, and believe altogether incompatible with any other qualities, than those of a man of consummate courage. If Paul Jones was not a brave man—if the testimonials which he left behind him do not es-



tablish his courage beyond the reach of question, then there is no security for posthumous reputation, nor is there any possibility, we think, of demonstrating by actions, the temper and disposition of the mind.

Candor obliges us to confess that Jones had many, and marked blemishes in his character, which may be perhaps laid to the charge of his birth, education, or rather want of education, and the early vicissitudes of his life. He wanted that modesty which adorns and embellishes the best and greatest of men; which gives the last grace and finish to the human character, and blends affection with our admiration of the hero. He was apt to boast—and sometimes *demand*ed that deference, which, had he not demanded it, would have been willingly paid. He wanted also that dignified and soldierlike steadiness in his discipline, which, without being severe, reduces men to obedience, rather by its uniform mildness, than its occasional rigidity. He was occasionally rigid, and occasionally relaxed, and what is still worse, in the treatment of his officers, he sometimes forgot what was due to their feelings, as well as his own character as a gentleman. His conduct, however, to captain Parsons was exemplary and honourable; he treated him with singular courtesy while a prisoner, and on arriving in the Texel restored to him all his effects, without exception.

That he forfeited his allegiance, and bore arms against his native country, is a fault, the nature of which is not exactly settled in the code of morality. If, in its original and pure simplicity, authority was instituted solely for the happiness of mankind, it would seem to follow, that when it fails in securing that object, mankind have a right to seek happiness under a system more favourable to the attainment of this fundamental object of all governments. But the condition on which only men can entitle themselves to the rights of subjects or citizens, in a foreign country, is that they shall take upon themselves, the duties of subjects or citizens. Of these duties, by far the most solemn and important, is that of con-

tributing to the defence of their adopted country, by taking up arms, when called upon by the government in conformity to the laws. A distinction has been attempted, between offensive and defensive wars, as applicable to this question, but it is difficult to preserve that distinction. In defence of national rights, it may, and will be, often necessary to resort to offensive measures. An army may invade a country. Shall we limit our exertions to merely driving that army out, thus acting purely on the defensive; or shall we pursue them for the purpose of forever disabling them from returning again, and thus make it an offensive war? Again, if it is necessary in the pursuit of satisfaction for insults, or reparation for injuries, or the recognition of national rights, to invade the territory, or the colonies of an enemy, though in strictness of verbal interpretation, the operation is an act of offensive war, yet in the spirit of its intention, it is strictly defensive. In short, the more we pursue this distinction, the more we perceive the impossibility of sustaining it with any degree of clearness. That the question of the natural right to become a subject or citizen of any foreign country, and the consequent duty of bearing arms against our own, is not settled on any basis of general reasoning, but is rather a matter of feeling, an affair of sentiment, appears evident from the history of every age, and especially of our own. No one can deny that general Moreau bore arms against France, and against a government having all the attributes of an established government. It was acknowledged, by every power, at different times—and it now distinctly appears, that it was a government of the people's choice. He is celebrated, notwithstanding, by those who seem to give the tone to the present moral world, as a martyr to the liberties of his country. Yet, if it is given to general Moreau to judge, at what time, and under what circumstances he may league himself with foreign invaders, and meet his own countrymen in the contests of war, so is it equally given to all other men; and Paul Jones might with the same justice have denied the legitimacy of the Guelphs



in favour of his countrymen the Stewarts, as general Moreau the right of a sovereign, chosen by the people, and recognized by the world.

But whether this attachment to our country, and countrymen, be a sentiment growing out of habit; originating in the soil of nature or education; or founded on the immutable basis of right, we confess it is a great favourite with us. Like the attachment we bear to our parents, our brothers, or our friends, it may be undeserved, or it may be the mere creature of habit; but still we should think hard of the man who neglected his parents, deserted his brothers, or raised his arm against a friend, as he would against a stranger, because he could not metaphysically account for his sentiments, or point exactly to the sacred fountain of kindred affection. We ought to love our kindred and cherish our country, even though other men's kindred may be better than ours, and other countries more happy.

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*To the Editor of the American Naval Chronicle.*

“Surely the Americans deserve a patent for lying.”—*British Nav. Chron.*

THE above sentence, Mr. Editor, is copied from the British Naval Chronicle for September, 1815. It is inserted in a note, and seems to be the result of the writer's reflections, deduced, not from any misrepresentations in our official statements, but from some anonymous publications he had seen in the newspapers. We protest against the character of our country being judged from anonymous publications in the newspapers, and we must say that the circumstance of this writer's drawing his conclusions from a source so exceptionable, gives no favourable opinion of his candour and veracity. We are quite willing to admit that any wilful misrepresentations contained in the official letters of officers, is a reproach not confined to the officers, but extending to their country; and that

that nation, in which such misrepresentations become frequent, does indeed deserve the patent mentioned by the British Naval Chronicle. It is not upon this point, the existence of such misrepresentations among us, that we are at present at issue with the British Naval Chronicle, though upon this subject we are both ready and willing to enter at any moment; and we shall only observe, that our confidence in the veracity of our officers must continue to be unshaken while he does not produce a single instance to weaken it. The reading of this calumny on our country has induced me to look back into some of the naval transactions of the late war, and I send you the result of what I have collected from a short and imperfect examination. I have not the leisure, nor the means of referring to documents to enable me to make this communication as comprehensive as I could wish; but perhaps some of your correspondents, with more leisure and better means, may be induced to take up the subject and treat it more at large. I confine myself to *official* statements; the boasting and exaggeration which distinguish the anonymous and unofficial publications with which the British Naval Chronicle is filled having long stripped them so entirely of all claim to belief, that they do not require to be noticed.

In October, 1812, our sloop of war Wasp captured the British sloop Frolick, and while the Frolick was dismasted, and consequently incapable of motion, and the Wasp so cut up in sails and rigging as to be disabled from escaping, the Poictiers, British seventy-four, captain Beresford, hove in sight, and took possession of both vessels. Captain Beresford's letter to admiral Warren, communicating these facts, is dated on board the Poictiers, and is in these words: "I have the honour to acquaint you that his majesty's ship under my command has this day captured the American sloop of war Wasp, of twenty guns, captain Jones, and retaken his majesty's brig Frolick, captain Whinyates, which she had captured after an action of fifty minutes, &c." The *inaccuracy* in this letter is the representing the Wasp as a *twenty gun ship*, when she mounted in



fact only eighteen guns. I was myself on board the Wasp, at New York, shortly before she sailed for France with despatches, and I then particularly noticed that she mounted sixteen carronades and two long guns, in all eighteen. She had, indeed, I well remember, but nine ports of a side. Captain Jones, in his letter communicating the capture of the Frolick, states that she mounted twenty-two guns, and that she was therefore superior to the Wasp by exactly four guns; thus making the Wasp's number of guns accord with my own observation. In fact, the synopsis in the British Naval Chronicle states the Wasp to mount but eighteen guns. Here then is the commander of a British seventy-four fully convicted of a misrepresentation of a fact in his official letter.

Captain Carden's letter to the admiralty, communicating the capture of the Macedonian, is dated on board the United States, and from it the following is extracted: "A sail was seen on the lee-beam, which I immediately stood for, and made her out to be a large frigate under American colours. At nine o'clock I closed with her, and she commenced the action, which we returned; *but from the enemy's keeping two points off the wind, I was not enabled to get as close as I could have wished.*" It appears then that captain Carden was anxious to come to close action, but that this, his *timid* adversary, who was to leeward, avoided. How is this assertion supported by subsequent British official statements? A court martial was assembled in May, 1813, on board the San Domingo, at Bermuda, to try captain Carden, his officers, and ship's company, for the loss of the Macedonian, and the following is extracted from the opinion of the court: "That, previous to the commencement of the action, from an over anxiety to keep the weather gauge, an opportunity was lost of closing with the enemy; and that owing to this circumstance the Macedonian was unable to bring the United States to close action, until she had received material damage; but as it does not appear that this omission originated in the most distant wish to keep back from the engagement, the court is of opinion, &c. &c." Passing

by the censure, which, in a strong and positive manner, is expressed of captain Carden's mode of fighting his ship, here is a palpable contradiction between the letter of captain Carden and the decision of the court. For my own part, I have long been accustomed to place but little reliance either upon the official letter of a British officer, or upon the decision of a British court martial. To which of these, however, the most credit is due, I am not enabled to determine; and on this subject I should for ever have remained in doubt, but for the letter of commodore Decatur. "The enemy," says commodore Decatur, "being to windward, had the advantage of engaging us at his own distance, which was so great that, for the first half hour, we did not use our carronades, and at no moment was he within the complete effect of our musketry and grape," &c. Thus have we convicted the commander of a British frigate of a palpable misrepresentation in his official letter.

In captain Broke's letter, communicating the capture of the Chesapeake, is the following: "After exchanging between two and three broadsides, the enemy's ship fell on board of us, her mizen channels locking in with our fore rigging. I went forward to ascertain her position, and observing that the enemy were flinching from their guns, I gave orders to prepare for boarding. Our gallant bands appointed to that service immediately rushed in," &c. &c. In another part of this same official letter it is thus written: "Mr. Cosnabar, who commanded in our main-top, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the topsail, laid out at the main-yard-arm to fire upon them, and shot three men in that position. Mr. Smith, who commanded in our fore-top, stormed the enemy's fore-top from the fore-yard-arm, and destroyed all the Americans in it." My object is not, at present, to examine and criticise with any minuteness this official letter. I therefore do not stop to repel the unmerited reproach which is attempted to be fixed upon the character of our seamen; nor shall I trouble you with any remark upon the absurd and bombastic story of the achievements of Mr. Cosnabar and Mr. Smith. I con-



fine myself to this—that what captain Broke states in the first part of his letter, above quoted, proves the falsehood of that which is asserted in the other part of the extract. Observe the position of the two ships; the Shannon's fore rigging locking into the Chesapeake's mizen channels. How then was it possible for one in the Shannon's fore-top to get into the Chesapeake's fore-top? Evidently in no other manner than by stepping, with a most huge stride, over the Chesapeake's top-gallant-yards, top-gallant-sails being set, and thence into her fore-top; a distance I will not undertake to measure how great, but a distance certainly far greater than was possible to be effected. I do not know if my language clearly conveys the impossibility; but any one by referring in his own mind to the position of the two ships, the after part of one entangled in the forward part of the other, will clearly establish in his own mind the falsehood of the statement. Nor is this the only falsehood contained in this official letter. "The loss of the enemy," says captain Broke, "was about seventy killed, and one hundred wounded. Among the former were *the four lieutenants*, a lieutenant of marines, the master, and many other officers." This letter was dated on board the Shannon, and yet, at its very date, were two of those four lieutenants actually on board the Shannon as prisoners. The Chesapeake had only two commissioned lieutenants, Ludlow and Budd, and two acting lieutenants, Cox and Ballard. Ballard was killed, and Ludlow died of his wounds at Halifax, some time after the date of captain Broke's letter. Budd and Cox returned from Halifax, and are both now living, and no doubt, Mr. Editor, they themselves would be willing to furnish a certificate that they were not killed. As lieutenant Budd, was the surviving commanding officer, and wrote the official letter of the capture of the Chesapeake, and which was published in all our papers, perhaps a certificate from him may not be required.—Here we have convicted the commander of another British frigate of a false statement in his official letter. It seems that when a British captain is defeated, he has recourse

to falsehood to hide and to palliate his disgrace; and that when a British captain is successful, he descends to the same means for the purpose of puffing up and overrating his success.

A court martial was assembled in June, 1815, at Halifax, on board his Britannic majesty's ship Akbar, for the trial of the officers and crew of the Cyane, for their capture, when in company with his Britannic majesty's ship Levant, by the Constitution frigate, and the following is extracted from their decision: "The court having most minutely inquired into the whole of the circumstances connected therewith, and maturely and deliberately weighed and considered the same, is of opinion, that the capture of the Cyane is to be attributed to the very superior force of the enemy's ship, aided by her superior sailing, which enabled her to take such a position that the carronades of the Cyane were of little effect, while the enemy was enabled to keep up a constant fire from seventeen long twenty-four pounders. It also appears to the court that no blame whatever is ascribable to captain Falcon, the officers, and crew of the Cyane for the capture of that ship; but on the contrary, that during an unequal contest of *above two hours close action*, they evinced the greatest skill and intrepidity, and defended the ship in a manner highly honourable to them, &c." In these proceedings there is a contradiction not to be reconciled, and where one part of the decision being true, the other part must necessarily be false. It is stated, at first, that the Constitution kept at such a distance that the carronades (the only guns she had) of the Cyane were of little effect; and subsequently it is stated that the Cyane had sustained an unequal contest of *above two hours close action*! The motives for each of these statements are very manifest. It was necessary, in order to account for the capture, to state that the Constitution had kept without the range of the Cyane's guns; thus taking advantage of her *seventeen long twenty-four pounders*. It was necessary to state, in order to bring in the customary compliment to British valour and skill, that the Cyane had sustained a long and close action. But it is really disgusting



to see proceedings, ushered into the world under the sanctity of an oath, and which should be characterized with the most scrupulous accuracy, betraying an utter disregard to truth, and showing upon the face of them the most palpable and disreputable falsehoods.

My means, at present, of referring to official papers is so limited, that I am unable to pursue the subject further. Enough, however, has been said to expose the vulnerability of the British, and to show that more can be proven if more should be required. The iniquitous and illegal orders under which the British officers have frequently acted for their government cannot have failed, I think, to deprave and vitiate their minds, and have rendered them regardless of the rights and the feelings of other nations. Unfortunately they have become accustomed to regulate their conduct, not by any principles of justice or of honour, but by the practicability of accomplishing that which best serves the interests or passions of themselves or their rulers. Their cupidity has often decided the fate of the unarmed neutral that has had the misfortune to fall within their power. Can it be expected that such men, thus familiarized to violence and outrage, should in other parts of their conduct be honourable and high-minded? Can it be expected of such men, that they should be in any way scrupulous of their character for veracity, when falsehood will suit their purposes better than truth? I should think not; and the facts I have disclosed fully prove that I think rightly. Surely then Great Britain deserves the "patent."

AN AMERICAN.

*Albany, 25th May, 1816.*

## ORIGINAL.

### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ. PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF LONDON.

BENJAMIN WEST, was born, in the year 1738 at Springfield, Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania; his ancestors, who were of a respectable English family, accompanied William Penn to this country in the year 1681.

In 1714, Mr. John West joined his relations in Pennsylvania where he married; and the subject of the present memoir is the youngest of his ten children. Mr. B. West's love of painting showed itself at an early age: at sixteen he became a painter by profession, and at twenty-one, the produce of his industry enabled him to gratify his desire of visiting Italy, the great depository of the master-pieces of ancient and modern art.

In the year 1760 he sailed from Philadelphia to Leghorn; from whence he proceeded to Rome; a city still majestic in its ruins, and which has thrice, we may say, given laws to the world;—first by force of arms, next by the terrors of superstition, and lastly by the influence of the fine arts.—Here he became acquainted with Raphael Menges, Pompeo Battoni, and other celebrated artists who procured him an introduction to all that was excellent in the arts in the once imperial city.

The sudden change from America, where he saw no productions of the pencil but those of an inferior order, to that seat of arts and taste, made, it is said, so forcible an impression upon his feelings as to injure his health. His mind was overheated by enthusiasm, and he was oppressed at once by the novelty and grandeur of the sublime objects he beheld. By the advice of his physician he withdrew to Leghorn, where relaxation, friendly society, and sea-bathing soon enabled him to return to Rome, and resume his studies. But he was



again compelled to suspend them, owing to the loss of health. The air of Leghorn again restored him, after which he proceeded to Florence, where he recommenced his professional studies with increased ardour. A third time he was arrested in their progress by an illness which confined him upwards of six months. But the love of his art, and the desire of excelling in it, triumphed over bodily pain. He had a frame constructed to enable him to draw when obliged to keep his bed, and in that situation he would amuse himself by painting several ideal pictures. When he was sufficiently recovered to bear removal, his youth and a good constitution soon completed the restoration of his health. He then travelled to Bologna, Parma, Mantua, Verona and Venice, where he viewed and admired the chief works of Caracci, Corregio, Julio Romano, Titian, and the other celebrated masters of the Venetian and Lombard schools. After completing a tour which invigorated his constitution and enriched his mind, he returned to Rome, having been absent from that city more than twelve months.

He painted about this time his *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*, and *Angelica* and *Madora*; works which the artists as well as the connoisseurs viewed with complacency. But the assiduity with which he pursued his profession again made ravages on his health. He determined therefore on quitting Italy, and visiting the native country of his ancestors. He passed through Genoa, Turin, and Paris, carefully examining the best productions of art which those cities then possessed. In August 1763 he arrived in London.

He now determined on taking a survey of the state of the arts in England: and for this purpose he visited Oxford, Blenheim, Bath, Fonthill, Windsor, and Hampton-court, and viewed the best collections of pictures in those places. Having completed this excursion, it was the intention of Mr. West to return to his native country, there to practice his profession with all the advantages he had acquired. Fortunately for himself this design was abandoned; and he fixed upon Eng-

land as the theatre for the display of his talents. The fine arts which had long been languishing in that country, received at length some notice and encouragement from its sovereign. The nobility and gentry followed his example, and even the mercantile class, and the political economists began to think that pictures and engravings might be made profitable articles of traffic.

In April 1764, an exhibition of painting and sculpture was presented to the British public at Spring-gardens, in London. West sent thither the pictures painted by him at Rome, which were favourably received. In the course of that year he married an amiable American lady with whom, previous to his departure from Philadelphia he had contracted an affection.

In the year 1765, the artists who had united to form an exhibition of their works at Spring-gardens, were incorporated. West was chosen a member, and soon after, appointed one of the directors of their society. He drew at their academy in St. Martin's Lane, and became one of their constant exhibitors, till the opening of the exhibition of the royal academy, which was established in London in the year 1768, under the patronage of the British king.—Mr. West had been named by his majesty as one of the four artists to lay before him the plan of the institution. The plan they presented was approved of, and the king directed the deputation to take every measure in their power for forming the establishment. Previous to this event Mr. West had been favourably introduced to his majesty by the archbishop of York, for whom our artist had painted his celebrated picture of Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus. This work pleased his majesty so much that he engaged Mr. West to paint for him the picture of Regulus, which was exhibited on the opening of the royal academy in 1769. It is remarkable that from the exhibition in Spring-gardens in 1764, to the present time, Mr. West has not omitted a single year to present some of his works to the view of the public. His indu-



try has indeed been astonishing. A mere catalogue of his works, would fill ten pages of this journal, and when the number, size, and extent of their composition in figures are considered, they will be found to constitute a *whole*, which as proceeding from the pencil of a single artist, has no parallel in the history of painting. But West may claim a much higher merit than that of talents or industry. He is one of those artists whose pencil has been always guided by the sacred laws of morality. His talents were never prostituted to inflame those desires which require restraints rather than stimulants or allurements. The artist never sought for fame or profit at the expense of the character of the man. His favourite pictures—such as Wolfe, Regulus, Penn, Aggripina—represent heroic patriotism, the invincible love of justice, inviolable conjugal attachment, and generally those actions and affections which display human nature in its utmost purity or exaltation.

While his example tended to reform the licentious abuses of his art, it also contributed powerfully to overcome the absurd and humiliating prejudice which had so long prevailed, that modern dresses were unsuitable for figures of which dignity was the chief characteristic. Every thing heroic in human nature seemed so inseparably associated in men's minds with their recollections of ancient Greece and Rome, that it appeared ridiculous to represent a hero in any other habiliments than the costume of those renowned nations; and yet by a strange and unaccountable caprice of public taste, while the modern statesman and warrior were exhibited on canvas or in marble in the flowing robes of antiquity, on the theatre Brutus and Cato appeared in full bottomed wigs, and Octavia and Cleopatra with fashionable hoops and well-powdered toupees. Over this prejudice, West's pictures of Wolf and Penn were triumphant. Their success compelled all to acknowledge that the dress of a picture has not such a powerful influence as it was supposed to possess: it may add to the picturesque and be made highly ornamental; but it is the countenance—the hu-

man face divine'—which marks the character and displays the energies of the soul. This innovation was generally approved of; and no painter of eminence now ventures to dress his figures in a picture contrary to the costume of the age and country in which the event he delineates took place.

In the autumn of the year 1802, Mr. West went to Paris to visit the superb collection of pictures and statues which the victories of France had placed in her capital. He was recommended to the principal persons there by his distinguished friends and patrons in London, and his reception was every way worthy of his talents and character. The artists showed him the most respectful attentions. The following letter of invitation to dine with them at their quarterly festival deserves to be recorded:

*Paris, 3d Vendemiaire 11th year.*

*The administration of the central Museum of Arts to Benjamin West, esq. president of the royal academy of London.*

“SIR,

“The administration of the central museum of arts is in the habit of enjoying a friendly banquet at the beginning of every quarter of the year, and Thursday next is the day appointed for their customary meeting.

“Eminent artists, like you, sir, find their own country in every element, and glory as constantly assigns them a place where good artists are re-united.

“The administration invites you, therefore, to come and fill that place which belongs to you at their banquet. It reflects with complacency that, in possessing you in its bosom, it will be the interpreter of the esteem which it has for your talents, and that it will honour in your person celebrated men who in arts and sciences constitute the ornament of your country.

“Receive, by anticipation, sir, the assurance of our profound veneration, and of our sincere esteem.

(Signed)

“FOUBERT, administrator.

“LAVALLE, secretary of the museum.”

At the conclusion of the entertainment, Lavalley, the father of the secretary, recited an elegant poem which he had



composed for the occasion, in honour of Mr. West, and in which he particularly dwelt on the efficacy of that artist's pictures in reforming the art, and restoring the dignity of historical painting. To make a suitable return for these civilities, West gave a public breakfast to the distinguished artists, and several other eminent persons then residing in Paris.

Few artists have ever been more honourably noticed or more liberally rewarded than Mr. West.

In 1772 he was named historical painter to the present king of Great Britain.

In 1791 he was *unanimously* elected president of the royal academy; and has continued to preside in that institution ever since with great credit.

In the year 1802 he was chosen a member of the national institute at Paris, in the department of fine arts.—In 1804 he became a member of the royal institution of London; and we are informed in a late periodical publication of that city\* that he has been recently appointed a member of the royal Bavarian academy at Munich, and also of the celebrated academy of St. Luke at Rome. These honours are declared to be a tribute due to his superior talents. The value of one of them may be more justly appreciated when it is known that he is the *first protestant* ever admitted into the *academy of St. Luke*.

In 1779 the prince of Waldeck presented him with a gold medal, and a whole length portrait of himself and his painter looking at a picture of the death of Wolfe which Mr. West had painted for that prince.

In the year 1781 the duke of Courland complimented him with a gold medal, and rewarded him with great liberality for two pictures which his highness commissioned him to paint: the subjects were Romeo and Juliet parting in the morning, and the couch scene of King Lear and his daughter Cordelia.

\* The New Monthly Magazine, for April, 1816.

Of his principal pictures the following critique is given by a writer\* who appears to have been well acquainted with his life and his works.

“In his Agrippina we see the Roman matron, the granddaughter of Augustus, bearing in her arms the ashes of her husband Germanicus, her children by her side, the pledges of her husband’s love, and the only object of concern to her maternal feelings: we see her in the midst of Roman ladies, and surrounded by a Roman people, with all their proper attributes.

“In the Regulus we see the stern and inflexible Roman, deaf to all the ties of nature, but that of heroic devotion and love to the cause of his country, and that in the midst of all that was Roman, except the Carthaginians.

“In his Wolfe we see a British hero, on the heights of Abraham, in North America, expiring in the midst of heroes and of victory, with all the characteristics of Britons, in 1759.

“In the Penn we see the legislator, with the simplicity and dignity of a man administering justice to others, and diffusing his bounties in the midst of savage tribes, and disarming their ferocity by his rectitude and benevolence; whilst himself and those about him rest in perfect security on the consciousness of their philanthropic intentions, and a persuasion that they are fulfilling the first duty of christianity, in rendering to others what they wish to be rendered to themselves, and thus conquering the savage without one weapon to denote any other conquest than that which justice achieves.

“In the picture of Alexander the Third, king of Scotland, attacked by a stag, we remark a Scottish people, fierce and brave in rescuing their king from the threatened danger.

“In the picture of Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai, we see the Jewish sages with humility in the presence of God, whilst their lawgiver, with a conscious firmness, raises the tables into heaven for the *scriptum manum* of the Deity.

“In the picture of Cressy and Poitiers we behold the juvenile hero, his paternal sovereign, and the nobles with their heroic vassals, in proud triumph, their gothic banners waving in the wind; and in the battle of Poitiers we behold the same hero, with manly

\* See Public Characters of 1805, page 551.



demeanor, receiving the vanquished king, expressing an air of welcome, and treating him more as a visitor than as a captive: the conqueror is not seen in the reception of the captive, nor the captive in his submission to the vanquisher; all is Gothic, and all is British.

“In the picture of St. Paul shaking the viper from his finger, in the chapel at Greenwich, we see that apostle unshaken in the midst of bands of armed Roman soldiers, and the poisonous reptile hanging to his hand; the multitude of men, women, and children, cast on shore by the wreck of the ship, bespeaks the deplorable situation of such a mixture of sex and ages, composed of Jews, Romans, and islanders.

“In the picture of the battle of La Hogue, we see all that marked the courage of the English and the Dutch on the memorable event of that sea victory: we see them sweeping before them, the navy of France over a vast extent of ocean, and in the midst of fire and sword, of victory and destruction, the ferocity of battle is mitigated by the national humanity of the conquerors: in the same moment they destroy and save—they conquer and spare. In this battle all is perspicuity and deep research into the subject; the æra is marked in every object that is represented; the men, the ships, the form of battle, are all described in the character of the age in which the event took place, without any manner but that which belongs to the subject, and the element on which the battle was fought.

“In the interview between Calypso and Telemachus on the sea-shore of Ogygia, the passion, character, and propriety are equally preserved. The astonishment of Telemachus at the sight of the majestic goddess and her nymphs is portrayed so masterly in the countenance of the young Ithacan, that the beholder reads his whole course of thoughts upon the canvas. Again, the stately goddess wears the look of welcome and joy at his approach, and her countenance at the same time expresses a deep inquisitiveness, an uneasy curiosity, a mixed indefinable suspicion, at the sight of his companion, the sage Mentor, who, wrapt in disguise beyond the penetration of an inferior goddess, stands some few paces beside Telemachus, deeply pondering on the snares which he knew would be set for him, and pleased with a kind of consciousness of his good intentions, in torturing the suspicious

goddess with unappeasable curiosity; but the painter has, at the same time, given him the diffidence and modesty which belonged to the assumed character of the tutor of Telemachus. How wonderfully are the composite passions here described, and made to come home to the bosom of the beholder! If we look at the island, all is likewise in character; it is the Ogygia of Homer and of Fenelon.

"In the picture of Cicero, and the magistrates of Syracuse ordering the tomb of Archimedes to be cleared from the wood and bushes that obscured it, all is classical and appropriate in the design, the character and the grouping. The country is seen as at the period when the Roman orator, was questor; the scenery, the dresses, and general characteristics, represent no other than the described æra, no other object than that on which they were employed, and no other place than Sicily and Syracuse.

"In the picture of Phaeton receiving from Apollo his last commands how to govern the chariot of the sun, the boldness of the ambitious youth is sublimely contrasted with the parental solicitude of Apollo. All the images of the poet are upon the canvas: the swift hours harnessing the horses, and leading the fiery steeds with their silken reins; the palace, the chariot, the four seasons, the zodiac, all have their place, their characters, and attributes: in one place we behold the rosy-fingered morn unbarring the gates of light (the *Ποσειδάωνος Ἡώς*;) in another the hoary, shivering winter, the green spring, the plenteous summer, and the autumn—"Madidus uvis"—Nothing is omitted that belonged to the scene, and nothing is represented but with a vigour and propriety of description which recall and enforce the images of the poet, and make him live again in the immortality of the painter.

In the pictures from the Revelations, of death on the pale horse,\* and the overthrow of the old beast and false prophet, the

\* Mr. West being in Paris upon the opening of the French exhibition, was induced, at the solicitation of the artists and the administration of the central museum, to submit the sketch of death upon the pale horse to the public inspection; and, in consequence, the following criticism appeared upon it in the *Journal des Arts*, &c.

"*Mr. West, president of the royal academy, London.*"

"A sketch representing death upon a pale horse on the opening of the seals. Revelations of St. John, chapter iii. verse 7, 8.



imagination is on the wings of fancy, and the indiscriminate ravages of death are every where seen under appropriate characters.

“ In the destruction of the old beast, the swiftness of the divine agents is like lightning, and all is overwhelmed.

7. “ And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast, who said, come and see.

8. “ And there appeared at the same time a pale horse, and he who sat on him was named Death, and hell was in his train. And he received power over the four quarters of the world, to destroy mankind by the sword and by famine, by divers kinds of deaths, and by the wild beasts of the earth.”

“ This sketch reminds us of those many fine compositions with which Mr. West has enriched his country. We trace in it his acknowledged genius and enthusiasm. He has judiciously chosen the moment at which death appears upon the earth. The poetical figure of scripture has received from his pencil an aspect still more terrible. Every thing in nature is devoured and destroyed: the innocent dove and the wily serpent are re-united by death.

“ Mr. West has represented death by sword, under a hord of armed robbers pursuing the unfortunate over the country. Death by famine is represented under the symbol of a man, ghastly, withered, and digging with his skinny fingers the barren soil for sustenance. Death by pestilence is represented by a woman expiring by the plague, one son already dead by her side, and another, somewhat older, flying into her arms. Death by wild beasts is represented by a group of men pursued by, and defending themselves against, lions and tigers, which at once destroy, and are in turns destroyed themselves.

“ Such is the composition of Mr. West. The day of universal destruction is arrived: he is fully impressed by the idea, and his genius lends its force to his will.

“ If Mr. West possessed the colouring of Reubens, his sketch would have produced an effect more decided; but he appears to have inclined more to the sombre hues of Poussin; his designs have even some resemblance to those of this great master. The figure of famine who digs the earth with his fingers, would have done honour to the French painter, and is as well designed as executed. We think that the figure of the woman expiring by the plague, having one son dead by her side, and another flying into her arms, somewhat reminds us of the *group in the plague* of the Philistines, by Poussin.”

It is but justice in this place to observe that the arts in France, at the period of which we are speaking, were cultivated with great enthusiasm and success. M. Vien, whose efforts commenced near half a century ago, has raised an honourable emulation to make the Grecian taste and nature the source of all improvement. This taste and these improvements are now visible in the works of Vien himself, Vincent, David, Vernay, Guerin, and others; and in portrait paint-

“In the foregoing pictures Mr. West appears to have adhered religiously to his subjects, and to have bestowed upon them every attribute of character and propriety which belonged to them, free from all *mannerism* and constraint; and whether his subject be on earth, heaven or hell, he follows it through every diversity of region, time, and place; a truth and an accuracy sufficiently attested by the great body of his works. When we see, therefore, the close reasoning of his mind in that extensive work of revealed religion, which is nearly finished for his majesty's chapel at Windsor; when we behold the antediluvian, patriarchal, mosaical, and revelatory dispensations, conducted throughout with equal perspicuity and propriety of character, we must render to Mr. West that claim to composition which every artist and man of taste must acknowledge him to be entitled to, and assign him a rank among the first of those who have exercised a perfect freedom of pencil, and drawn from the original sources of nature and his own mind.”

But his great picture of Christ healing the sick, is allowed by all who have seen it, and were competent to appreciate its merits to be the most excellent of all his works. This is the picture which he painted for the Pennsylvania hospital, and for the reception and exhibition of which the directors of that institution are now, conformably to his desire, preparing a commodious apartment.

As a public lecturer, a favourable opinion may be entertained of his talents from the discourse which he delivered about two years ago to the students of the royal academy, and which is stated to have been in substance as follows:\*

ing, by Gerard and Isabey: the whole forming a striking contrast with the state of the arts about fifty years ago in France. It would be unfair likewise to omit the perfection to which they have carried the art of sculpture and architecture in that country.

Italy has likewise felt the influence of improvement, and the arts are now cultivated in many of her cities with something of the enthusiasm and success which marked the early period of her excellence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

\* See the Democratic Press, March 27th.



“ You will expect of me, gentlemen, from this chair, to imitate the example of my predecessors, and by dwelling on the talents and reputation of the great masters of the art of painting, to excite in you that strong emulation which is necessary to incessant perseverance and laborious exertion, and which ultimately may rank you as the Raphaels, the Angelos, the Corregios, and the Titians of modern days—which may crown yourselves with fame, and contribute to the honour of the country you call your own.

“ Such were my wishes and expectations when I was a student like you; and whatever may be the scale of my own merits, I have dedicated so many years to the practice of historical painting—I have been taught so much by my own experience, and have learnt so much from the experience of others, that I am enabled and entitled to give you advice. Nor am I under apprehension that this advice will be imputed to any selfish motive whilst I give it. I am too old to be solicitous about competition, and I have at heart, the real, the solid interest of those who expect me to give them instruction.

“ Gentlemen, the art of painting, like other professions, is pursued not merely as a road to reputation but as a source of emolument—a profession by which you expect to maintain yourselves, and your families in decent competence, and with frugality to lay by a moderate support for your offspring. These are not merely rational and allowable, but praise-worthy motives and expectations; they enter into the very essence of worldly prudence; and they are never neglected with impunity.—You are young: bear this remark in mind as the advice of an old man.

“ But if you expect either honour or profit by spending your days and nights in endless labour, that you may excel in the department of historical painting, you will be miserably deceived: as I have been.

“ Who purchases historical specimens of the art now? Our very churches and cathedrals are closed against our voluntary donations! In this country of religious pretension, even the ministers of religion are taught to scowl upon us; and regard as relics of papal superstition, the most exquisite illustrations of scripture history.

“Formerly it was otherwise. Formerly also, the drawing rooms of our nobility and gentry were considered as unfinished, if the eye of taste had no specimen of the art of painting to indulge upon. Galleries were common in the mansions of the opulent—our young men went abroad to bring home some knowledge of the fine arts, as well as of science, jurisprudence or politics. The beauties of the Italian and the Venetian school were familiar to our travelled gentry, and taste and skill protected, promoted, and discriminated according to the merits of our artists at home.

“What is the case now? What lady will permit a painting in a drawing room? festoons and fringes of silk drapery, flaunting with a meretricious glare of colouring—lustres and girandoles and pier glasses—French paper and Chinese paper, and coloured borders and gilt borders—all the frippery of French upholsterers and their English imitators, drive out the labours of Reynolds, Mortimer, and Wilson, with as little remorse as those of Guido, Claude, or Rembrandt.

“But hold! some relief from the sombre colouring of the melancholy pencil that now traces the outline of your future destiny, must in candour be admitted. Amid the glare of glass and of gilding, we do find a niche in every room appropriated to a huge frame surrounding the insipid features of some family portrait. Those who would banish without remorse, Raphael, and Romano, will find room for their own resemblance, or that of some family connection of equal interest.

“It is upon these mawkish and wearisome monotonies, that our first artists are now employed. We no longer seek to illustrate by delineations of attitude and feature the delineations of mind—to fix the rapt attention of the spectator on the effect of human passions exemplified by the magic touches of the pencil—or to give effect to moral precepts by the skilful excitation of moral feeling portrayed upon the canvas—no: all our artists, those even of the very first eminence think themselves but too fortunate, if their contemplations be exerted, and their pencil kept in perpetual employ, by the vanity of those, who think no object in nature so beautiful or interesting as their own features!

“Gentlemen, your first duty, and your first necessity, is to live; you must therefore earn the means of living. Dedicate, if you please, your time to the noble purpose of instructing by the



canvas, but be content with the meed allotted to you—be satisfied to starve. This will seem to those among you who are in the spring tide of youth, as the melancholy dream of hypochondriac old age. Gentlemen, my first duty here, is to tell truth: the truth I now unfold to you, has been long forced upon my conviction, by my own experience, and by the experience of better artists than I pretend to be. Pause before you determine; look around you among the brethren of the art who like me have lived long in the world, and decide when you have reflected.

“What supported sir Joshua Reynolds? His infant Hercules, his Ugolino, his cardinal Beaufort? No: his portrait-faces, and his portrait-drapery. Mortimer and Barry painted few portraits: what became of these first rate men? They lived, without rank or consideration in society, excepting among a few lovers of the art, compelled to associate with parsimony and penury, and deprived, till death released them, of the comforts that a sign painter can always command.

“You *must* live. You cannot live by historical painting. Do you sigh for riches? Turn the whole bent of your mind—expend all your anxious and laborious hours in becoming fashionable painters of vacant faces. Are you not equal to this? Then design vignettes for books of travels and novels, or subjects for the engravers of Calico rollers, or daubings upon China ware.

“But historical painting must be renounced as an unprofitable pursuit, by those who cannot afford to starve in high minded contentment, or who have imperious calls upon their labour by the wants of a family.”

That some of the statements in the preceding discourse are exaggerated is evident from Mr. West's own success as an historical painter, and the ample rewards he has received for so many of his historical and scriptural works. But whatever may be the case in England, it is certain that in the United States, the higher branches of the fine arts are not in general favoured adequately to their importance, or to the resources of the nation.\* In a country where millions are annually ex-

\* The liberality of the academy of arts of this city in purchasing Mr. Allston's excellent picture, forms an exception to this remark.

pended to erect capitols, city halls, banks, and villas—where a single individual will adventure half a million on an India voyage, or give thirty thousand dollars for a service of plate or porcelaine—an artist of first rate genius can hardly earn as much as a master mechanic. God forbid that we should ever put pictures and statues, however admirable, in competition with civil liberty or national independence; but we may be allowed to urge to those who guide our government or give tone and direction to public opinion, that the fine arts, when cultivated in their purity and dignity by such artists as West, embellish all the institutions of society, and bestow an additional charm on our existence. They give splendor to the temples and ceremonies of religion, display the indissoluble alliance between beauty and virtue, lend a mild grace to philosophy, and illustrate the works of literature and science. By immortalizing deeds of patriotism and heroism, they furnish a noble incentive to the love of country and of glory: they extend the national reputation: they augment the stock of moral and intellectual pleasure, which ought to form the chief temporal pursuit of every rational being.

Even those who deem nothing useful but what is profitable, and nothing profitable but mere articles of commerce, would do well to reflect on the pecuniary advantages derived by other nations from the fine arts. To these arts, Italy has for centuries been indebted for much of her wealth and consideration. In France, almost every article of household furniture and a great variety of other manufactures have been improved in a very high degree by the correct classical taste which the successful cultivation and the love of the fine arts introduced into that country; insomuch that she was enabled for a long period to rival the prosperity of a nation which had destroyed her maritime commerce, and nearly monopolized the whole maritime commerce of the world.

Concerning Mr. West's professional talents or success, we have nothing farther to add. In his private character, he is acknowledged to be religious, just, benevolent, and affec-



ionate: with an intense desire to excel in his profession, he has always been distinguished for his liberality towards his professional competitors; and his conduct on the whole through life has been marked by an amiable and uniform discretion.



REPLY TO THE "REMARKS ON ADDISON'S CRITICISM OF THE  
SEVENTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST."

It is with some diffidence that I attempt to exonerate such a poet as MILTON from the charges of "irreverence" and "littleness" which have been brought against him by a writer in the last *Analectic Magazine*. I venture, however, upon this sacred ground, as I can support my arguments by examples drawn from the same sublime source which has furnished his antagonist. This antagonist seems to have embraced the opinion, that nothing which is *minute* can be sublime—and contrasts the use to which the "golden compasses" were appropriated with the simple mandate by which light was created. It is not necessary to resort to "Paradise Lost" to find a contrast equally striking.

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

"And the Lord God *planted a garden* eastward in Eden."

Both of these passages are found in the same page of sacred writ; and, together with many others of similar import, fully justify Milton in the description which he has given of the formation of the earth, by representing the Creator as often executing in detail his own Almighty decrees.

"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?"

"Who hath shut up the sea with doors? *I made the cloud the garment thereof; and thick darkness the swaddling*

band for it—and brake up for it my decreed place—and set bars and doors, and said,

“Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther—and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

Is there not a beautiful coincidence between this passage and the following lines from Milton,

“And said—thus far extend—thus far thy bounds—  
This be thy just circumference, O world!”

But the text which Milton seems to have had particularly in his view, and which he has amplified without weakening, is that contained in the twenty-seventh verse of the eighth chapter of Proverbs.

“When he prepared the heavens, I was there—when he set a COMPASS upon the face of the depth—when he gave to the sea his decree—when he appointed the foundations of the earth.”

These quotations from scripture are of themselves a complete answer to the accusation of your correspondent, and give to the effusions of our great poet “the sanction of eternal truth.”

C.

*Franklin county, Kentucky.*

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#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF LIEUTENANT W. W. SMITH.

[Communicated.]

WILLIAM WALLACE SMITH was born near Morristown, New Jersey, on the 12th of November, 1795. His father was a merchant of respectability, and died in the year 1804.

Young Smith, while a boy, evinced a strong predeliction for a military life, and gave early indications of talents.

At the age of fourteen he was appointed a cadet, and placed at the military academy at West Point, where he made a rapid progress in his studies.



When little more than sixteen years of age, he was promoted to the rank of a second lieutenant in the regiment of light artillery.

Soon after the declaration of war, he received orders to join the northern army. He was present at the capture of fort George; and while the army was stationed there, distinguished himself on several occasions. His merit did not escape the notice of his superiors. He was about this time (the summer of 1813) promoted to the rank of a *first lieutenant*.

At the battle of Williamsburgh, on the 11th November, 1813, he had the command of the piece of artillery which fell into the hands of the enemy. The official reports\* bear testimony of the gallantry which he displayed on that occasion.

It has been ascertained from several officers who were in the engagement, that although advised to abandon his battery, when the army were about to retire from the field, he declared that he would never leave the piece as long as he was able to discharge it; and in pursuance of this heroic resolution, actually fired it off himself, (after losing nearly all his men,) until he was mortally wounded and taken prisoner.

He was removed to a farm house near the field of battle. Sanguine hopes were for some time entertained by his friends that he would recover, but unfortunately for his family, and perhaps for his country, he expired on the 2d of December, 1813—at the age of *eighteen*.

He displayed great firmness during his illness; and evinced, as the following letter will show, that to the last of his life, the love of his country continued to be his ruling passion.

\* *Extract from general Boyd's official letter, dated November 12th, 1813.*

“When the artillery was finally directed to retire, having to cross a deep, and except in one place (to artillery) impassable ravine, one piece was unfortunately lost. The fall of its gallant commander, lieutenant Smith, and most of his men, may account for this accident. In the death of this young man the army has lost one of its most promising officers.”

*Extract of a letter from lieutenant Smith to one of his sisters,  
written a very short time before his death.*

“I am sorry to find (by your last letter) that your anxiety for my safety should induce you to express a wish to see me removed from the scene of danger; for although you are a female, it ought to be your pride to see me risk (and even sacrifice) my life for my country. I confess that I am ambitious of fame, but I have no desire to seek death: should it however be my fate to fall in battle, such a death will perhaps rescue my humble name from oblivion.”

*Extract of a letter from colonel Fenwick, of the light artillery,  
to one of lieut. Smith's brothers, dated December, 1813.*

“I condole with you for the loss of your brother. He was dear to me, and was a youth of great promise. He fell too soon in the field of honour. Fame will record his worth, and I will cherish his memory.”



## SELECT REVIEWS.

*Headlong Hall.* 12mo. pp. 216. 1816.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

It is truly refreshing to meet with a production of chaste and genuine humour. Our satirists are for the most part of that saturnine complexion, that forbids their relaxing into the easy hilarity which characterizes the pleasantry of Goldsmith or of Addison; while our professed comic writers seem to have no other notion of humour than that of caricature or broad farce. Some of our writers exhibit in their attempts to be facetious, an appearance analogous to the Sardonic grimace; and others, in their ursine capers, betray only a desperate determination to be droll, contrary to the irreversible decree of nature. We ought now, perhaps, to proceed to investigate, why our language presents so few specimens of humorous writing, and how far language, climate, and manners, may operate in characterizing the national productions in this respect, determining the solemn irony of Cervantes, and prompting the sparkling mirthful satire of Le Sage, or the keen sarcastic ridicule of Swift. We might then show what rank such compositions hold in the scale of literature; and trace the decline of this species of wit to the French revolution, or the income tax, or some other obvious political cause. But these discussions, tempting as they are, being such as, did we occupy the rank of Quarterly Journalists, we should feel it our bounden duty to exhaust in a preliminary dissertation, must now, owing to our narrow limits and the press of business, be unavoidably postponed; and we shall at once introduce our readers to *Headlong Hall*, the seat of Harry Headlong, esq. of the ancient and honourable Welsh family of the Headlongs, of the Vale of Llanberris, in Caernarvonshire.

The lord of the mansion has assembled a select party of London literati, to share the hospitalities of Christmas. Among them, the leading personages are Mr. Foster, (quasi *φωστὴρ*, from *φως* and *τῆρεω*), the perfectibilian; Mr. Escot, (quasi *ἐς σκοτον* in *tenebras*, scilicet *intuens*), the deteriorationist; Mr. Jenkison (*αἰεὶ ἐξ ἰσων*, *semper ex æqualibus*), the *statu-quo-ite*; and the rev. Doctor Gaster (scilicet *γαστήρ*, *Venter*, et *preterea nihil*).

The opinions of the former two of these gentlemen differ, as Mr. Jenkison (the round-faced little gentleman of forty-five) observes, *toto cælo*.

‘I have often (he adds) debated the matter in my own mind, *pro* and *con*, and have at length arrived at this conclusion, that there is not in the human race a tendency either to moral perfectibility or deterioration; but that the quantities of each are so exactly balanced by their reciprocal results, that the species, with respect to the sum of good and evil, knowledge and ignorance, happiness and misery, remains exactly and perpetually *in statu quo*.”

“‘Surely,” said Mr. Foster, “you cannot maintain such a proposition in the face of evidence so luminous. Look at the progress of all the arts and sciences,—see chemistry, botany, astronomy——”

“‘Surely,” said Mr. Escot, “experience deposes against you. Look at the rapid growth of corruption, luxury, selfishness——”

“‘Really, gentlemen,” said the rev. Dr. Gaster, after clearing the husk in his throat with two or three hems, “this is a very sceptical, and, I must say, atheistical conversation, and I should have thought, out of respect to my cloth——” ’ pp. 9—11.

The subsequent arrivals consist of Marmaduke Milestone, esq. a picturesque landscape gardener of the first celebrity, with a portfolio under his arm, who is not without hopes of persuading ‘squire Headlong to put his romantic pleasure grounds under a process of improvement; Mr. Cranium, and his lovely daughter; Messrs. Gall and Treacle, ‘who followed the trade of reviewers, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad poetry;’ and ‘two very multitudinous versifiers, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. Mac Laurel, who followed the trade of poetry, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad criticism.’

‘The last arrivals were Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, the most profound and scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle, with his two blooming daughters, Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa; Sir Patrick O’Prism, a dilettanti painter of high renown, and his maiden aunt Miss Philomela Poppyseed, an indefatigable compounder of novels, written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice; and Mr. Panoscope, the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, mathematical, metaphysical, meteorological, anatomical, physiological, galvanistical, musical, pictorial, bibliographical, critical philosopher, who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well.’ pp. 31, 32.



Mr. Milestone soon perceives that 'squire Headlong's grounds 'have never been touched by the finger of taste,' and the 'squire accords with Mr. Milestone, 'that the place is quite a wilderness.'

"My dear sir," said Mr. Milestone, "accord me your permission to wave the wand of enchantment over your grounds. The rocks shall be blown up, the trees shall be cut down, the wilderness and all its goats shall vanish like mist. Pagodas and Chinese bridges, gravel walks and shrubberies, bowling-greens, canals, and clumps of larch, shall rise upon its ruins. One age, sir, has brought to light the treasures of ancient learning: a second has penetrated into the depths of metaphysics: a third has brought to perfection the science of astronomy: but it was reserved for the exclusive genius of the present times, to invent the noble art of picturesque gardening, which has given, as it were, a new tint to the complexion of nature, and a new outline to the physiognomy of the universe!"

"Give me leave," said sir Patrick O'Prism, "to take an exception to that same. Your system of levelling, and trimming, and clipping, and docking, and clumping, and polishing, and cropping, and shaving, destroys all the beautiful intricacies of natural luxuriance, and all the graduated harmonies of light and shade, melting into one another, as you see them on that rock over yonder. I never saw one of your improved places, as you call them, and which are nothing but big bowling-greens, like sheets of green paper, with a parcel of round clumps scattered over them like so many spots of ink, flicked at random out of a pen,\* and a solitary animal here and there looking as if it were lost, that I did not think it was for all the world like Hounslow Heath, thinly sprinkled over with bushes and highwaymen."

"Sir," said Mr. Milestone, "you will have the goodness to make a distinction between the picturesque and the beautiful."

"Will I?" said sir Patrick, "och! but I won't. For what is beautiful? That which pleases the eye. And what pleases the eye? Tints variously broken and blended. Now tints variously broken and blended, constitute the picturesque."

"Allow me," said Mr. Gall. "I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*."

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?"†

Mr. Gall bit his lips, and inwardly vowed to revenge himself on Milestone, by cutting up his next publication.' pp. 35—38.

\* See Price on the Picturesque.

† See Knight on Taste, and the Edinburgh Review, No. XIV.

The next conversation takes place after dinner, during the absence of the ladies, when the Burgundy had taken two or three turns of the table, and extorted from Mr. Mac Laurel the remark that it was 'the vara neectar itsel.' 'Ye hae saretainly deescovered the tarreestrial paradise,' he adds, 'but it flows wi' a better leecor than milk an' honey.'

'*The rev. rend Doctor Gaster.*—Hem! Mr. Mac Laurel! there is a degree of profaneness in that observation, which I should not have looked for in so stanch a supporter of church and state. Milk and honey was the pure food of the antediluvian patriarchs, who knew not the use of the grape, happily for them.—(*Tossing off a bumper of Burgundy.*)

'*Mr. Escot.*—Happily, indeed! The first inhabitants of the world knew not the use either of wine or animal food; it is therefore by no means incredible that they lived to the age of several centuries, free from war, and commerce, and arbitrary government, and every other species of desolating wickedness. But man was then a very different animal from what he now is: he had not the faculty of speech; he was not encumbered with clothes; he lived in the open air; his first step out of which, as Hamlet truly observes, is *into his grave*.\* His first dwellings, of course, were the hollows of trees and rocks: in process of time he began to build: thence grew villages; thence grew cities: luxury, oppression, poverty, misery, and disease kept pace with the progress of his pretended improvements, till, from a free, strong, healthy, peaceful animal, he has become a weak, distempered, cruel, carnivorous slave.

'*The reverend Doctor Gaster.*—Your doctrine is orthodox, in so far as you assert, that the original man was not encumbered with clothes, and that he lived in the open air: but as to the faculty of speech, that it is certain he had, for the authority of Moses—

'*Mr. Escot.*—Of course, sir, I do not presume to dissent from the very exalted authority of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmogonist, who had, moreover, the advantage of being inspired: but when I indulge myself with a ramble in the fields of speculation, and attempt to deduce what is probable and rational from the sources of analysis, experience, and comparison, I confess I am too often apt to lose sight of the doctrines of that great fountain of theological and geological philosophy.

'*Squire Headlong.*—Push about the bottle.

'*Mr. Foster.*—Do you suppose the mere animal life of a wild man, living on acorns, and sleeping on the ground, comparable in felicity to that of a Newton, ranging through unlimited space, and penetrating into the arcana of universal motion—to that of a Locke, unravelling the labyrinth of mind—to that of a Lavoisier, detecting the minutest combinations of matter, and reducing

\* See lord Monboddo's *Ancient Metaphysics*.



all nature to its elements—to that of a Shakspeare, piercing and developing the springs of passion—or of a Milton, identifying himself, as it were, with the beings of an invisible world?

‘*Mr. Escot.*—You suppose extreme cases: but, on the score of happiness, what comparison can you make between the tranquil being of the wild man of the woods and the wretched and turbulent existence of Milton, the victim of persecution, poverty, blindness, and neglect? The records of literature demonstrate that Happiness and Intelligence are seldom sisters. Even if it were otherwise, it would prove nothing. The many are always sacrificed to the few. Where one man advances, hundreds retrograde; and the balance is always in favour of universal deterioration.

‘*Mr. Foster.*—Virtue is independent of external circumstances. The exalted understanding looks into the truth of things, and in its own peaceful contemplations rises superior to the world. No philosopher would resign his mental acquisitions for the purchase of any terrestrial good.

‘*Mr. Escot.*—In other words, no man whatever would resign his identity, which is nothing more than the consciousness of his perceptions, as the price of any acquisition. But every man, without exception, would willingly effect a very material change in his relative situation to other individuals. Unluckily for the rest of your argument, the understanding of literary people is for the most part *exalted*, as you express it, not so much by the love of truth and virtue, as by arrogance and self-sufficiency; and there is perhaps less disinterestedness, less liberality, less general benevolence, and more envy, hatred, and uncharitableness among them, than among any other description of men.

(*The eye of Mr. Escot, as he pronounced these words, rested very innocently and unintentionally on Mr. Gall.*)

‘*Mr. Gall.*—You allude, sir, I presume, to my Review?

‘*Mr. Escot.*—Pardon me, sir. You will be convinced it is impossible I can allude to your Review, when I assure you that I have never read a single page of it.

‘*Mr. Gall, Mr. Treacle, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Never read our Review!!!!’ pp. 47—53.

We must break off: we feel the honour of the craft attacked; but we critics, like sir Fretful Plagiary, are never put out of temper. No, no, we are ‘not at all angry.’ Only we cannot help wishing in revenge, that the author was doomed, as a punishment for his defamatory attack, to be—a reviewer himself. But possibly he is one, and has turned king’s evidence. Out upon him, as lord Byron says of Time; out upon the fellow!

Mr. Mac Laurel rebukes Mr. Escot in a becoming spirit for the manner in which he speaks ‘o’ the first creetics an’ scholars o’ the age.’ The conversation then takes a turn, in

consequence of a remark drawn from the same gentleman, that 'one of the ingredients of justice is disinterestedness.'

'*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—It is na admeeted, sir, amang the philosophers of Edinbroo', that there is ony sic a thing as diseenteredness in the warld, or that a mon can care for ony thing sae much as his ain sel: for ye mun observe, sir, eevery mon has his ain parteeular feelings of what is gude, an' beautiful, an' consentaneous to his ain indiveedual nature, an' desires to see eevery thing about him in that parteeular state which is maist conformable to his ain notions o' the moral and poleetical fitness of things. Twa men, sir, shall purchase a piece of groond between 'em, and ane mon shall cover his half wi' a park——

'*Mr. Milestone.*—Beautifully laid out in lawns and clumps, with a belt of trees at the circumference, and an artificial lake in the centre.

'*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Exactly, sir: an' shall keep it a' for his ain sel; an' the other mon shall divide his half into leetle farms of twa or three acres——

'*Mr. Escot.*—Like those of the Roman republic, and build a cottage on each of them, and cover his land with a simple, innocent, and smiling population, who shall owe, not only their happiness, but their existence, to his benevolence.

'*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Exactly, sir; an' ye will ca' the first mon selfish, an' the second diseentered; but the pheelosophical truth is seemply this, that the ane is pleased wi' looking at trees, an' the other wi' seeing people happy an' comfortable. It is anely a matter of indiveedual feeling. A peesant saves a mon's life for the same reason that a hero or a footpad cuts his throat: an' a philosopher deelevers a mon frae a preeson, for the same reason that a tailor or a prime meenester puts him into it—because it is conformable to his ain particular feelings o' the moral an' poleetical fitness o' things.

'*Squire Headlong.*—Wake the reverend doctor. Doctor, the bottle stands with you.

'*The reverend Doctor Gaster.*—It is an error of which I am seldom guilty.

'*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Noo ye ken, sir, eevery mon is the centre of his ain system, an' endeavors as much as possible to adapt eevery thing aroond him to his ain parteeular views.

'*Mr. Escot.*—Thus, sir, I presume, it suits the particular views of a poet, at one time, to take the part of the people against their oppressors, and at another, to take the part of the oppressors against the people.

'*Mr. Mac Laurel.*—Ye mun alloo, sir, that poetry is a sort of ware or commodity, that is brought into the public market wi' a' other descreeptions o' merchandise, an' that a mon is parefectly justified in getting the best price he can for his article. Noo, there are three reasons for taking the part of the people: the first



is, when general leeberty an' public happiness are conformable to your ain partecular feelings o' the moral an' poleetical fitness o' things: the second is, when they happen to be, as it were, in a state of excitabeelity, an' ye think ye can get a gude price for your commodity, by throwing in a leetle seasoning o' pheelanthropy an' republican speerit: the third is, when ye think ye can bully the meenestry into gieing ye a peension to hau'd your din: an' in that case, ye point an attack against them within the pale o' the law; an' if they tak nae heed of ye, ye open a stronger fire; an' the less heed they tak, the mair ye bawl, and the mair factious you grow, always within the pale of the law, till they seend a pleenipoteentiary to treat wi' ye for yoursel; an' then the mair popular ye happen to be, the better price ye fetch.

' *Mr. Cranium.*—I perfectly agree with Mr. Mac Laurel in his definition of self-love and disinterestedness: every man's actions are determined by his peculiar views, and those views are determined by the organization of his skull. A man in whom the organ of benevolence is not developed, cannot be benevolent: he, in whom it is so, cannot be otherwise. The organ of self-love is prodigiously developed in the greater number of subjects that have fallen under my observation.

' *Mr. Escot.*—Much less, I presume, among savage than civilized men, who, *constant only to the love of self, and consistent only in their aim to deceive, are always actuated by the hope of personal advantage, or by the dread of personal punishment.*\*

' *Mr. Cranium.*—Very probably.' pp. 56—61.

During a subsequent conversation, an angry dispute arises between Messrs. Gall and Nightshade; the latter, as we are informed, pertinaciously insisting on having his new poem reviewed by Treacle, and not by Gall, whose sarcastic commendation he held in superlative horror.

'The remonstrances of squire Headlong silenced the disputants, but did not mollify the inflexible Gall, nor appease the irritated Nightshade, who secretly resolved that, on his return to London, he would beat his drum in Grub street, form a mastigophoric corps of his own, and hoist the standard of determined opposition against the critical Napoleon.'

We must indulge ourselves in one more extract, which shall be taken from Mr. Cranium's lecture on skulls. After some preliminary remarks on the difficulty of accounting for the varieties of moral character in men, contrasted with the similarity in all the individuals of other species, and proving the several definitions of man to be extremely defective or erroneous, the lecturer thus proceeds.

\* Drummmond's Academical Questions.

‘ “ Every particular faculty of the mind has its corresponding organ in the brain. In proportion as any particular faculty or propensity acquires paramount activity in any individual, these organs develop themselves, and their development becomes externally obvious by corresponding lumps and bumps, exuberances and protuberances, on the osseous compages of the occiput and sinciput. In all animals but man, the same organ is equally developed in every individual of the species: for instance, that of migration in the swallow—that of destruction in the tiger—that of architecture in the beaver—and that of parental affection in the bear. The human brain, however, consists, as I have said, of a bundle or compound of all the faculties of all other animals, and from the greater development of one or more of these, in the infinite varieties of combination, result all the peculiarities of individual character.

‘ “ Here is the skull of a beaver; and that of sir Christopher Wren. You observe, in both these specimens, the prodigious development of the organ of constructiveness.

‘ “ Here is the skull of a bullfinch; and that of an eminent fiddler. You may compare the organ of music.

‘ “ Here is the skull of a tiger. You observe the organ of carnage. Here is the skull of a fox. You observe the organ of plunder. Here is the skull of a peacock. You observe the organ of vanity. Here is the skull of an illustrious robber, who, after a long and triumphant process of depredation and murder, was suddenly checked in his career by means of a certain quality inherent in preparations of hemp, which, for the sake of perspicuity, I shall call *suspensiveness*. Here is the skull of a conqueror, who, after over-running several kingdoms, burning a number of cities, and causing the deaths of two or three millions of men, women and children, was entombed with all the pageantry of public lamentation, and figured as the hero of several thousand odes and a round dozen of epics; while the poor highwayman was twice executed,

‘ At the gallows first, and after in a ballad,  
‘ Sung to a villanous tune.’

You observe, in both these skulls, the combined development of the organs of carnage, plunder, and vanity, which I have just pointed out in the tiger, the fox, and the peacock. The greater enlargement of the organ of vanity in the hero, is the only criterion by which I can distinguish them from each other. Born with the same faculties and the same propensities, these two men were formed by nature to run the same career: the different combinations of external circumstances decided the difference of their destinies.’ pp. 154—157.

After some further illustrations, Mr. Cranium proceeds to deduce his practical inferences.



“ It is obvious, from what I have said, that no man can hope for worldly honour or advancement, who is not placed in such a relation to external circumstances, as may be consentaneous to his peculiar cerebral organs; and I would advise every parent, who has the welfare of his son at heart, to procure as extensive a collection as possible of the skulls of animals, and, before determining on the choice of a profession, to compare with the utmost nicety their bumps and protuberances with those of the skull of his son. If the development of the organ of destruction point out a similarity between the youth and the tiger, let him be brought to some profession (whether that of a butcher, a soldier, or a physician, may be regulated by circumstances), in which he may be furnished with a license to kill: as, without such license, the indulgence of his natural propensity may lead to the untimely recission of his vital thread, ‘ with edge of penny cord and vile reproach.’ If he trace an analogy with the jackall, let all possible influence be used to procure him a place at court, where he will infallibly thrive. If his skull bear a marked resemblance to that of a magpie, it cannot be doubted that he will prove an admirable lawyer; and if with this advantageous conformation be combined any resemblance to that of an owl, very confident hopes may be formed of his becoming a judge.” pp. 159, 160.

We have been induced to make larger quotations from this little volume, than its size or importance might seem to demand; but we confess that we have been so much amused with it ourselves, as to wish our readers to partake in the entertainment. We will not extend our approbation of the work to every expression which it contains. The character of Dr. Gaster will be considered as falling under the same objection as that to which Dr. Syntax, and similar caricatures, are justly exposed. That such characters exist in real life, is an insufficient excuse for their being brought out on the canvass. The general design of the volume is however so unexceptionable, the execution is so spirited and good-humoured, and the satire in general so well-directed, that we cannot but accord to it, on the whole, a high measure of commendation.

Several songs of various casts are scattered through the volume. The following is the best:—

#### LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

O! who art thou, so swiftly flying?

My name is Love, the child replied:

Swifter I pass than south-winds sighing,

Or streams, through summer-vales that glide.

And who art thou, his flight pursuing?

'Tis cold Neglect whom now you see:

The little god you there are viewing,

Will die, if once he's touched by me.

\* O! who art thou so fast proceeding,  
 Ne'er glancing back thine eyes of flame?  
 Marked but by few, through earth I'm speeding,  
 And Opportunity's my name.  
 What form is that, which scowls beside thee?  
 Repentance is the form you see;  
 Learn then the fate may yet betide thee—  
 She seizes them who seize not me. p. 90.

*The story of Rimini*, a Poem. By Leigh Hunt. 8vo. pp. xx. 112. 1816.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

WE have, in the present affluence of poetical genius, almost every style of poetry yearly issuing from the press; the imaginative philosophy of Wordsworth, the bosom touches of Southey, the stir and spirit of Scott, the voluptuous elegance of Moore, the intense feeling of lord Byron and Joanna Bailie: yet we have nothing exactly in the manner of the 'Story of Rimini,' the easy graceful style of familiar narrative. This was a favourite style with the Italians. Chaucer brought it into our own country; but it is, perhaps, best known as that which Dryden adopted in his fables. Dryden, however, was not the best fitted to excel in this kind. Powerful interest, it is true, is not required in the narration; our pleasure is to arise chiefly from the description, and from the passion of the story. It was exactly in these two particulars that Dryden failed; what he was acquainted with, Dryden could indeed describe forcibly, for he always went straight to the point, never blundering about his meaning; but there is hardly to be found, in all his voluminous productions, a single image immediately from nature; and he has not a passage that strikes upon the heart, as if sent from the heart. Accordingly, we believe, the vigorous writing and free versification of Dryden's fables, are more praised than read.

We are very glad to see the style revived by one so fitted to excel in it as Mr. Hunt. We wish indeed that the story had moved on a little more rapidly; but we are not unwilling to loiter among the beautiful descriptions, and enjoy the fresh diction of Mr. Hunt.

The tale is soon told. It consists of nothing but the gradual progress and final accomplishment of a criminal passion—a mutual passion of wife and brother-in-law. We give the author full credit for the decency of his representations, for the

\* This stanza is imitated from a passage in the *Occasione* of Machiavelli.



absence of every thing that can disgust, or seduce, or inflame: but still we doubt whether such stories are not likely to do some hurt to the cause of morality; whether it is possible so to distinguish between the offence and the offender, as to render the one detestable, while the other is represented as so very amiable; and whether indeed this amiableness is not gotten by paring off sundry little portions of the sin; such as selfishness—that unheroic quality, on the part of the seducer; base infidelity on the part of the woman. Our objections to these stories on the score of good taste, we have formerly stated.

But we hasten away from criticism to poetry. We shall give the reader a few specimens of Mr. H.'s powers in those two grand parts of poetry, the descriptive and the passionate.

Nothing can be more fresh and fragrant, more unfeigned and *con amore*, than the following description of a clear spring morning, with which the poem opens.

‘The sun is up, and ’tis a morn of May  
Round old Ravenna’s clear shown towers and bay,  
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,  
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;  
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,  
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,  
And there’s a crystal clearness all about;  
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;  
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;  
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;  
And when you listen, you may hear a coil  
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;  
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,  
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

‘’Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—  
The birds to the delicious time are singing,  
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,  
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;  
While happy faces, striking through the green  
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen:  
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white  
Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,  
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,  
And chace the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.’

pp. 3—4.

The evening is nearly as good.

‘It was a lovely evening, fit to close  
A lovely day, and brilliant in repose.

Warm, but not dim, a glow was in the air;  
 The softened breeze came smoothing here and there;  
 And every tree, in passing, one by one,  
 Gleamed out with twinkles of the golden sun:  
 For leafy was the road, with tall array,  
 On either side, of mulberry and bay,  
 And distant snatches of blue hills between;  
 And there the alder was with its bright green,  
 And the broad chestnut, and the poplar's shoot,  
 That like a feather waves from head to foot,  
 With, ever and anon, majestic pines;  
 And still from tree to tree the early vines  
 Hung garlanding the way in amber lines.' pp. 32—33.

The following are but touches, but they are exquisite ones.

'One day,—'twas on a summer afternoon,  
 When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,  
 And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,  
 And shades have heavy outlines in the sun.—' p. 72.

'Twas a fresh autumn dawn, vigorous and chill;  
 The lightsome morning star was sparkling still,  
 Ere it turned in to heaven; and far away  
 Appeared the streaky fingers of the day.' p. 92.

In this season of the year, when spring is just waking in the country, and bringing in hope, and love, and poetry, we cannot refrain from tantalizing our London readers with one extract more.

'A noble range it was, of many a rood,  
 Walled round with trees, and ending in a wood:  
 Indeed the whole was leafy; and it had  
 A winding stream about, clear and glad,\*  
 That danced from shade to shade, and on its way  
 Seemed smiling with delight to feel the day.  
 There was the pouting rose, both red and white,  
 The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light,  
 Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,  
 Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks,  
 The lady lily, looking gently down,  
 Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,  
 The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,  
 All the sweet cups to which the bees resort,  
 With plots of grass, and perfumed walks between  
 Of citron, honeysuckle, and jessamine,  
 With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,  
 And look as if they'd shade a golden fruit;

\* A syllable has slipped out of this line, at press, we suppose.



And midst the flowers, turfed round beneath a shade  
Of circling pines, a babbling fountain played,  
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,  
Which through the darksome tops glimmered with show-  
ering light.

So now you walked beside an odorous bed  
Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;  
And now turned off into a leafy walk  
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk;  
And now pursued the stream, and as you trod  
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,  
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,  
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet;  
And then perhaps you entered upon shades,  
Pillowed with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,  
Through which the distant palace, now and then,  
Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken;  
A land of trees, which reaching round about,  
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out,  
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks,  
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,  
Where at her drink you started the slim deer,  
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.  
And all about the birds kept leafy house,  
And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs;  
And all about, a lovely sky of blue  
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through;  
And here and there, in every part, were seats,  
Some in the open walks, some in retreats;  
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye  
Looked up half sweetly and half awfully,—  
Places of nestling green, for poets made,  
Where when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,  
The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight,  
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.' pp. 65—68.

We pass on to the human part of the story. The descrip-  
tion of the bride is, we think, very touching.

'She, who had been beguiled,—she, who was made  
Within a gentle bosom to be laid,—  
To bless and to be blessed,—to be heart-bare  
To one who found his bettered likeness there,—  
To think forever with him like a bride,—  
To haunt his eye, like taste personified,—  
To double his delight, to share his sorrow,  
And like a morning beam, wake to him every morrow. p. 55.

Very amiable too are the following lines, in which the first feelings of love are described in the brother.

And she became companion of his thought;  
 Silence her gentleness before him brought,  
 Society her sense, reading her books,  
 Music her voice, every sweet thing her looks,  
 Which sometimes seemed, when he sat fixed awhile,  
 To steal beneath his eyes with upward smile:  
 And did he stroll into some lonely place,  
 Under the trees, upon the thick soft grass,  
 How charming, would he think, to see her here!' pp. 57-58.

The following needs no comment.

' But she, the gentler frame,—the shaken flower,  
 Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—  
 The struggling, virtue loving, fallen she,  
 The wife that was, the mother that might be,—  
 What could she do, unable thus to keep  
 Her strength alive, but sit and think, and weep,  
 For ever stooping o'er her broidery frame,  
 Half blind, and longing till the night-time came,  
 When worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow,  
 She might be still and senseless till the morrow.

' And oh, the morrow how it used to rise!  
 How would she open her despairing eyes,  
 And from the sense of the long lingering day,  
 Rushing upon her, almost turn away,  
 Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again!  
 Then sighing once for all, to meet the pain,  
 She would get up in haste, and try to pass  
 The time in patience, wretched as it was;  
 Till patience self, in her distempered sight,  
 Would seem a charm to which she had no right,  
 And trembling at the lip, and pale with fears,  
 She shook her head, and burst into fresh tears.  
 Old comforts now were not at her command:  
 The falcon reached in vain from off his stand;  
 The flowers were not refreshed; the very light,  
 The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night;  
 The least noise smote her like a sudden wound;  
 And did she hear but the remotest sound  
 Of song or instrument about the place,  
 She hid with both her hands her streaming face.  
 But worse to her than all (and oh! thought she,  
 That ever, ever such a worse could be!)  
 The sight of infant was, or child at play;



Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray,  
That heaven would take her, if it pleased, away.' pp. 87—89.

Her death must close our extracts.

' Her favourite lady then with the old nurse  
Returned, and fearing she must now be worse,  
Gently withdrew the curtains, and looked in:—  
O, who that feels one godlike spark within,  
Shall say that earthly suffering cancels not frail sin!

' There lay she praying, upwardly intent,  
Like a fair statue on a monument,  
With her two trembling hands together prest,  
Palm against palm, and pointing from her breast.  
She ceased, and turning slowly towards the wall,  
They saw her tremble sharply, feet and all,—  
Then suddenly be still. Near and more near  
They bent with pale inquiry and close ear:—  
Her eyes were shut—no motion—not a breath—  
The gentle sufferer was at peace in death.' pp. 104, 105.

The tenderness, the exquisite pathos of these passages, notwithstanding the affectation of quaintness which occasionally deforms our author's manner, cannot fail, we think, to touch the heart of the most careless reader, and to awaken emotions very different from those which we described in our last number, to be excited by the perusal of lord Byron's *Parisina*. It is impossible for us, however, to close this article, without adverting to the flippant and infidel remark which disfigures the last of the above extracts. Whether Mr. Hunt disbelieves in the authority of Revelation, or is only ignorant of its doctrines, we know not; but on either supposition, this empty sneer at the doctrine of the atonement, is discreditable to his understanding, and does not argue well of his principles. Mr. Hunt's talents might procure him the unqualified thanks of the public.

*The Substance of some Letters written by an Englishman resident at Paris, during the last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon: With an Appendix of original Documents.* Two vols. 8vo. pp. 950. London, 1816. In the press by M. Thomas, Philadelphia.

These letters are attributed to Mr. Hobhouse, author of the work on Albania and Greece, a review of which was published in our number for May last.

[From the *Edinburgh Review*.]

THIS is undoubtedly a very curious and interesting work;—though for our own parts we should have liked it better if it

had not been quite so long, and if it had contained more facts and fewer reasonings. It is not unlikely, however, that we have taken up this opinion, from our not agreeing with the author in many of the speculations in which he has indulged. He is more intolerant to the Bourbons, and a great deal more indulgent to Bonaparte, than we think reasonable. The book, indeed, is as stout an apology for the emperor and his party as we can conceive any intelligent Englishman to have written,—and, we doubt not, will be received with all reprobation by the champions of legitimacy, and those who hanker after the complete restoration of the old order of things. Though we do not agree with all the doctrines of the author, however, we think he has done quite right in publishing them, and are rather well pleased to see a writer of ability and information go a little too far on one side of a question, on which such a herd of servile scribblers have gone a great deal too far on the other. The book is written throughout in the manner of a gentleman and a man of talents, and, above all, with a firmness and manliness that stoops to no disguise or equivocation on the one hand, and breaks out into no bursts of mere passion or folly on the other. The author maintains his opinions with earnestness, and is no ways sparing of his sarcasms on those whom he censures: but his tone is always that of reasoning and reflection;—and those who are most likely to be offended with his doctrines, will sometimes find it hard to refute them, without endangering the foundations upon which English liberty is built.

The great evil of Bonaparte's despotism, next to the hazard to which it exposed national independence, was the insensibility which it produced to all other sorts of misgovernment. Every state that was opposed to him, was to be flattered or spared, however tyrannically or basely it might conduct itself; and every one that allied itself to him was to be reprobated without mercy, whatever might be the prudence or correctness of its general policy. The great danger *then* was, lest all the world should be subdued by the military power of France; and it was held as a sort of treachery to the common cause, to run the risk of offending or disuniting those who were associated in its support, by taking any notice of the habitual tyranny and oppression of which some of them might be guilty. Even now that the danger is over, we do not very well like to hear of any body's tyranny but Bonaparte's; and the merit of having opposed him seems almost to be regarded as an atonement for every species of injustice. Nothing, however, can be more absurd or more alarming, than the prevalence of this way of thinking. The great danger *now* is from the abuse of legitimate power,



and the corruptions of ancient establishments; and the most effectual way of betraying the cause of good government, and ultimately encouraging the return of revolution, is to interdict the free discussion of the political errors and crimes that may still afflict the world—though Bonaparte has disappeared from the scene. The enormities of the restored Spanish government have fortunately been too great to admit of any palliation. The errors of the same family in France are less flagrant indeed, and far more excusable; but it would be to the last degree dangerous to shut either our eyes or our mouths with regard to them. Nor can we conceive any thing more truly ominous to English liberty itself, than the prevalence of a doubt whether Englishmen have a right to publish their opinions upon the faults and errors of foreign governments, and in particular to point out to their countrymen the defects or mal-administration of the government of France;—a topic, the discussion of which has, from time immemorial, been popular and perpetual, and productive of the greatest benefits to this country.

Though we think it right, however, to protest for this liberty whenever we may see cause to exercise it, we do not propose at present to enter at any length into that subject. Nor have we referred to the work before us so much for the purpose of discussing any of the matters of controversy which it suggests in abundance; as of calling the attention of our readers to some of the important facts which it discloses. The author, we think, has by far too favourable an opinion of French virtue and imperial sincerity. But at present we shall not argue these or any other points with him. We wish merely to give an idea of the very interesting narrative which the work contains.

This narrative may be divided into three periods,—the last week of the king's first reign,—the hundred days of his successor,—and the final abdication of Bonaparte, and its consequences.

No one who contemplates the state of France for the last twenty-five years, and who remembers the opinion uniformly manifested in her greatest distresses, and recognized by the allies at Chatillon in 1814, can believe that the Bourbon dynasty was recalled by the affection or desire of the people of France. Although indications of such a wish were perceptible in the south, where the royalists have always had the majority, yet nothing like a national will was manifested; and in Paris, the city above all others where 'bread and shows' have the most effect, that novelty was so little coveted or expected, that the restoration was notoriously effected without any participation on the part of the people. No popular enthusiasm, no loyal ef-

fusions, no Bourbon standard even—intimated the general wish to the sovereigns of Europe assembled to decide on the fate of France. A few ladies of the Fauxbourg St. Germaine, with white handkerchiefs in their hands, and the cries of fifty urchins in the Place de Louis Quinze, was all the demonstration of regard for the exiled family which Mons. de Talleyrand could exhibit to the emperor of Russia, to induce him to support the Bourbon cause. Strange as it may appear, there is no doubt that the declaration of that minister, with respect to that important crisis; is perfectly authentic, namely, that ‘the people were unwilling—the legislature alarmed—the allies incredulous; that the senate was prevailed upon to receive the king by the promise of a constitution—the popular feelings allayed, by the bargain with the regicides; and, lastly, the emperor of Russia over-persuaded by *his* arguments, and by the concerted demonstration above alluded to.’

But although a miserable manœuvre thus succeeded in placing the exiled family on the throne; yet the positive advantages conceded to France in consequence of its adoption of that dynasty—the cessation of a power become odious from its abuse—the prospect of peace, and renewed commercial intercourse with all nations, together with the fatigue of all parties, afforded to a wise monarch many chances of preserving a throne which he had reascended by a sort of miracle.

Our author, in letters V. and VI., inquires how these chances were improved, and traces the conduct of the restored sovereign—his refusal to subscribe the act which recalled him to the throne—his renunciation of the title decreed to him by the senate, of the 6th of April—‘his silly enumeration of the 19 years during which he had reigned over his kingdom *in partibus infidelium*’—his mention of the prince regent of England and of his own rights, to the exclusion of those of his people in his earliest proclamations—his disputed election—his violations of the charter *octroye* to his people—and, lastly, the tone and character of his court and government, defamatory of the revolution to which he succeeded, and offensive to the habits, character, and interests, of the nation he ruled over.

With an attention to dates and particulars, infinitely valuable in an inquiry of this nature, our author cites the several violations of the charter by the king; and as almost any *one* of them would have been construed into a virtual abdication, had it been committed by our sovereign, notwithstanding that he reigns, as well as the king of France, by the grace of God.



these violations must, in fairness to the rebellious people of that country, be deliberately examined.

1. The first regarded the freedom of religious habits; and in the face of the 5th and 68th articles, (the first of which secures to every worship the same protection, and the second establishes the civil code, and the laws actually existing, not contrary to the charter,) an ordinance enforced the discontinuance of labour—shut the shops on Sundays and holidays—and commanded *that all individuals, of every religion*, should rigidly renew the observances formerly insisted on in the procession of the holy sacrament.

2. On the 10th June, contrary to the 8th article, which proclaims the liberty of the press, a censorship is established.

3. By royal ordinances, of the 15th June and 15th July, the recruitment of the king's guard is fixed, which, by the 12th article, was expressly reserved for the consideration of the legislature at large.

4. On the 21st June, a high commission court, for the trial of public functionaries is established, contrary to the 63d article, which says—'There cannot be created any extraordinary commission or tribunal.'

5. On the 27th June is violated the 5th article of the charter, declaring the legislative power to reside in the king, peers, and deputies;—an impost law of the year 12, regulating port duties, is annulled by the royal authority.

6. On the 16th December, contrary to the 69th article, the officers of all ranks, and military administrators not employed, as well as those absent on leave, are reduced to half-pay.

7. On the 30th July, a royal military school is established, giving to the *nobles* of the kingdom the enjoyment of those advantages which had been granted them by the edict of 1751.

'One hundred years of previous nobility were necessary to procure admission for any pupil of this ancient school; and this drew at once a line between the old and new noblesse, in opposition to the 3d article of the charter, which made all employs, civil and military, equally open to all Frenchmen.' Vol. I. p. 88.

8. The court of cassation was re-organized by the king, contrary to the 59th article of the charter.

9. The 11th article was violated in the expulsion of fifteen members of the institute.

10. The impost upon the provision of judges upon letters of administration, and upon journals by the chancellor, with.

out the consent of the legislature, violated the 48th article of the charter.

Now, we are at a loss to know what answer can be given to those charges, by the monarch 'who never promised in vain.' But even these, according to our author, were feeble in their effect, compared with the incessant industry of the king, his family, and his court, in separating his interests from those of New France. We shall extract some passages, which give, at once, a specimen of our author's style, and an account of various attacks made upon the people, in as far as regards the army, their religious habits, and the general character of the country.

1. The sixth letter details the pretensions of the nobles and the priests, and the sanction given to them by the conduct of the court. The former protested against the constitutional charter. The king, on the 4th June, expressed a wish to restore the unsold national property to the ancient proprietors; and his minister, in his speech proposing the law, speaks openly of 'the *sacred inviolable rights* which those who have followed the *right line* must have in the properties, of which, by the revolutionary form, they had been despoiled.'

'When the fears of the king and his friends extorted, during the march of Napoleon, some attempts at justice, a committee was appointed, in the chamber of deputies, to examine into the petitions lying unrepresented in the parliament offices. Amongst them were discovered nearly three hundred, which had been kept back by the abbé Montesquieu, from individuals complaining that they had been refused absolution by their priests, on account of being possessors of national properties. The restitution of these properties was thus made the *sine quâ non* of salvation; and, indeed, at Savenay, on the Lower Loire, a sermon was preached on the 5th of March, in which the audience were told, that those who did not return "their own" to the nobles and to the curés, as the representatives of the monks, should have the lot of Jezebel, and should be devoured by dogs.' I. 96.

The fear entertained of the encroachments of the priests, is thus powerfully depicted.

'The latter played their usual part—God forgive them! From M. de Talleyrand, archbishop of Rheims, grand almoner, corresponding with the bishop of Orthosia at Rome to procure a bull for the re-establishment of the Gallican church, down to the wretched curé of St. Roch, refusing sepulture to his ancient hostess Mademoiselle Raucour. With the return of the Saturnian sceptre of the Bourbons, religion was also to revisit France, so long de-



prived of the consolation of continuing the Levitical law. The professors of arts and arms, the scientific sons of the impious institute, having eaten and drunk, and played their fill, yielded up the stage to the linsey-woolsey brothers of a more decently wanton court, and its re-invigorated retainers. Sixty covers, spread daily at the Thuilleries, kept alive the gratitude, and the zeal of as many champions of God and the king, whose brethren of the departments, inhaled, at a distance, the steams of the royal refectory. The court carpenter preferred his useless block from a scarecrow to a saint;—the wax-chandlers contemplated the inevitable re-illumination of all the extinguished candlesticks of every shrine;—days and nights, all the gates of all the churches were expanded, whilst their rival shops were shut. Relics rattled together from the four quarters of the capital, to be re-adjusted and re-enshrined by a second St. Louis. But the king might have given their daily bread to his sixty priests,—he might have said his thousand masses,—he might have devoted his France to the Virgin—or grubbed up his brother's bones;—his Antigone might have shut the Sunday shops, or even have gone the greater length of forbidding the masquerade of the mi-careme (dangerous as refusing both bread and shows at once must be to modern Rome;) she might cherish the town of Nismes, and its vow of a silver baby for God Almighty, as the lure and promised reward of her conception of a Man Child. These offences might have been forgotten, or been condemned to ridicule, with the gaiters of his majesty, and the English bonnet of madame; but when the people, in the pious propensities of the new court, foresaw the re-investiture of the clergy, when they saw the barns re-building, which were to receive a portion of their own bread, and the very *fluctus decumanus* of ancient despotism, the fatal tenth wave about to burst upon their heads, the religion of the royal family being likely to prove so chargeable, could then no longer be a matter of indifference, or be visited only with contempt. In Paris, the decent piety of the king excited only a smile, while the sombre superstition of the duchess inspired a more serious disgust; but in several of the departments, the triumphant clergy being more than suspected of a conspiracy against the manners, feelings, and properties of the people, had, in conjunction with their coadjutors the nobles, excited a hatred which was in daily danger of breaking out into acts of violence. It is undoubted that the mass of nobles, in many provinces, are indebted for their lives to the return of Napoleon, who, by removing the fears of the lower classes, has also laid asleep their revenge. Lord Chesterfield might fairly say, that a man is neither the better nor the worse for wearing a black coat; but when that colour denotes a class of persons at variance with, and in direct opposition to all the interests and habits of the community, we must not be surprised that it should be at first unpopular, and at last proscribed.' I. p. 103.

2. *The army.* After commenting upon the breach of the charter regarding their pay, our author says—

‘It was easy to see that the part of the king’s conduct which required the utmost prudence, was the treatment of the army, which, in France, is more national, both by its constitution, and by the circumstances of the times, than in any other country. The great majority of all the male population having served at some time or other, sympathize with the character and fortune of a corps to which they consider themselves as still in some measure attached; and by a happy complacence, fixing their recollections only on the glories, without counting the disasters of their brethren in arms, look upon the soldiery as the repositories of their honour, as the representatives, as the last hope of their country.’  
I. p. 83.

He then recites the campaign of 1814, and the admiration it excited.

‘In short, the French considered the honour of their armies untarnished by the issue of the campaign of 1814; and they were therefore inclined to contemplate the reduction of their pay and force as a treason of the restored family, in unison with their whole system and with their declared wish to efface from the memory of their contemporaries, and the page of history, all the twenty-five years of misfortunes; or, in other words, the triumphs of republican and imperial France.

‘At the same time, there were many patriotic and thinking persons, who would have found some excuse for this step, in the poverty of the royal treasury, and in the difficulty of supporting an army calculated for forty-four millions of subjects, in a kingdom reduced to a population of twenty-eight millions—had there not been repeated proofs of profusion in other instances, and had not the restored family betrayed, in many ways, a settled disregard of this great national body. Every saloon in Paris abounds with stories of the insults and the vulgar pleasantries of the duke of Berri, addressed to many officers of distinguished merit. Does he inquire of one, in what campaign he served? and is told “in all;”—In what capacity? “Aid-de-camp to the emperor;”—he turns upon his heel with a contemptuous smile, and the officer is noticed no more. Does he learn from another that he has served twenty-five years? “Vingt-cinq ans de brigandage,” is his reply. Do the old guard displease that great commander the duke of Angouleme, in performing some manœuvre? They are told that they must go to England and learn their exercise. Lastly, is a colonel to be degraded? the duke of Berri tears off his epaulets with his own hand—another time he strikes a soldier upon the parade. The Swiss regiments return to the Thuilleries; but, in addition to this foreign guard, six thousand nobles, the very old, and the very young, trick-



ed out in fancy dresses, which draw down the fatal curse of ridicule, compose a household force, the laughter of the citizens, and the envy of the army. The old imperial guard outrageously banished from the capital, and suddenly recalled at the beginning of the ministry of marshal Soult, are scarcely on their route towards Paris, when fresh jealousies create fresh orders, and the indignant victims are marched back to their quarters. Certain Chouan chiefs are sent into Brittany, and there distribute decorations and recompenses to those rebels, whom the armies had routed and quelled. Another Chouan lays a plan for enrolling a sort of sacred battalion against the plots of the army; and though apparently prosecuted for this treason, is never punished. Lastly, the invaders of France, destroyed by the army at Quiberon, are to have a monument raised on the spot, as a perpetual commemoration of their loyalty, and the treason of the troops by whom they fell. The apologists and defenders of the king lament and admit the imprudencies I have just detailed. Connected with this debasement of the army, was the suppression of the establishments for the female orphans of the legion of honour, which the king was, however, obliged to restore, and the reduction of the pay of the invalids;—add to this, also, the evident attempt to degrade the decoration of the legion, by the profusion with which the crosses were granted to the lowest agents of government, even to the clerks of the post-office, and the care with which the higher ministers laid them aside. The deductions drawn from this conduct, were most unfavourable to the royal cause, and left no doubt in the mind of the military, nor of the nation, that the honourable existence of the French army was considered as incompatible with the system of the new court.' I. p. 84.

'I must not forget to mention, that the reduction of the army was scarcely so unpopular, as the attempt to new model it, by renewing the regiments, and chiefly by the appointment of nearly five thousand officers, either old emigrants or young nobles, totally devoid of all military character or merit. The abolition of the national colours, and the adoption of the flag of La Vendée, though it afflicted the nation, was more particularly affecting to the army, who saw in this step the same determination to tear from them all memorial of their former existence. The imperial guard burnt their eagles, and drank their ashes; some regiments concealed, and all regretted their cockades. The friends of the court affected to consider the mere change of a flag as a trifle; and, in spite of all experience, did not recollect, that nothing is a trifle to which any importance, however imaginary, is attached by a whole nation. They showed, that the king was determined to illegitimize all proceedings, as he had said in his letter to the sovereigns, as far back as the assembly of the states-general—ay, even his own; or that he forgot that he had worn the tri-coloured cockade himself, from the 11th of July 1789 to the 21st of June 1792.' I. p. 87.

But, above all, the jealousy and hatred of every thing, and of every person appertaining to the revolution, is well portrayed in the following passage—

‘ It may be only justice to charge many of the follies of the last short reign upon a weak, discordant administration; but this consideration, although it may diminish the personal culpability of the king, does not prove that the people were wrong in judging him unfit to reign. He might have chosen his ministers amongst their friends; he might have thrown himself into their arms;—whereas, on the contrary, on many occasions, he gave evidence of his looking upon them in some sort as the accomplices or immediate actors in his brother’s murder: for, not content with excluding from public duties, such as had actually been concerned in that deed, he took care to refresh at every opportunity, his indignant abhorrence against the act, which, whether of justice or vengeance, was at least national, and which, therefore, it was absolutely necessary, for the pride or the repose of all Frenchmen, either to justify or forget. Louis began his reign, by saying mass for the soul of his brother;—he next instituted a fete similar to that of the day, “when every sovereign in Europe rises with a crick in his neck;” and he quoted the example of Charles II. as a worthy precedent for his proceeding. Little doubt have I, but that his ministers, at least, would have liked to complete the parallel. Carnot and Fouche would have looked as well in an execution list as Harrison and Cooke.—Then was performed the last office of paternal piety, by this bone-collecting court. Between these acts, there was a perpetual playing off of court horrors and antipathies, at the very sound or smell of regicide. The coaches of the king never drove over the “Place de Louis Quinze,” because in that square his brother lost his head; as little would the royal family walk upon the terrace of the Seine raised by Napoleon, for that commanded a view of the same fatal spot. The duchess of Angouleme never looked at a Parisian crowd without shuddering, as if beholding the children and champions of revolution. If at the *Thuilleries* she saw a lady of the imperial court, she passed over on the other side. Her jealousy descended upon the children of those that had hated her father; and from this jealousy the representative of the Orleans branch of the royal family was by no means exempt. The manners of this prince, tinctured with the kindness and facility generally acquired by a variety of fortune and experience, the education he had received in the arms as it were of the republic, the fate of his father which conferred upon him the fraternity of a common crime; all these considerations endeared him to the French, and drew upon him the suspicion and the hatred of the court, which arose at last to a height so indecent and ridiculous, that the court confessor, in his sermon at St. Dennis, over the interment of the royal bones, took the opportunity of what is called in our vernacular, preaching at the duke of Orleans, who was twice or thrice



tempted to rise and leave the church. The court at the Palais royal became too well attended. I hear that it was shut by a proposal coming from his majesty.' I. p. 174.

We cannot help observing, that the anecdote relating to a plot proposed to the duke of Orleans, and disclosed by that prince to the king, does not appear to us probable, and at any rate ought not to have been inserted by our author, upon such information as disappointment and jealousy are too likely to have furnished upon such a subject.

The 6th letter contains a concise and interesting account of the progress of Napoleon from Porto Ferrajo to Paris; and the 8th describes the royal court in its expiring moments.

A question, by no means uninteresting, suggests itself at the close of this period, viz. Whether a successful resistance could have been made at any, and at what moment, to the advance of Napoleon. It is manifest, we think, from the facts and observations contained in this work, and from subsequent events, that neither the popularity of Napoleon with the people, nor the attachment of the army, would of themselves have been sufficient to give him so conspicuous a triumph over a rival in possession of the crown and the capital. If any one will call to mind the opprobrious usage Bonaparte met with but one year before in the very provinces which now hailed his return, he will be convinced that hatred to the royal house which now governed them, rather than attachment to their ancient chief, obtained from the people of France their ready acquiescence in his designs.—The existence of a previous conspiracy in his favour is no longer asserted; and the government of France has ineffectually attempted to give the colour of such a charge to any one of the trials which have already taken place at Paris. As to the army, it is notorious that their allegiance had been offered to other persons, and that the conspiracy of Drouet and Lefevre Desnouettes, (the only one which broke out during the eleven months,) had not only no connexion with Bonaparte, but had avowedly another chief in view. By comparing dates, it will be found that neither did the commanders swerve, nor the regiments revolt, until the conviction of the perfidy and imbecility of the government which they had served when it most needed their assistance, had become irresistible in the whole body. It is true the disgust was universal; but, on the first intimation of the approaching danger, the leaders of the constitutional opposition, among whom our author particularly cites M. Constant and the author of the *Censeur*, rallied round the throne, from a conviction, no doubt, that liberty had more to fear from the power of Napoleon, than from

the feebleness of the Bourbons; and, in the hope of profiting by the difficulties of the sovereign, to extend the rights, and to confirm the liberties of the people.

Wise and liberal councils were undoubtedly recommended; and the unimpeachable virtue of Lafayette and D'Argenson was offered to mediate between the king and his people. It may be doubted, indeed, whether this reconciliation would then have been an available defence, but there is no question, that although a seeming acquiescence was given in the councils proposed, and although the king was made to appear eager to embrace a constitutional system, yet no act of popular conciliation—no symptom of repentance appeared.—Chateaubriand prayed—and Lally Tollendal wept—and Laine recanted; but the insincerity and weakness of the court counteracted the effect of their protestations, and paralyzed the efforts of their more able and patriotic supporters. With us, indeed, it is a matter of serious doubt, whether the priests and nobles, and, in general, those who surrounded the person of the monarch, did not, upon calculation, prefer flight, and the chance of return with foreign arms, to such a reconciliation with the people as would have alone secured its co-operation in that terrible crisis. There, are, however, among those who displayed the most noble energy in that moment, persons eminently qualified to satisfy the world upon those transactions; and to them we look with confidence for a narrative, illustrating the character of the nation, which demanded liberty, and of the court, which hated it too much to purchase its own safety at such a price.

In the night of the 19th of March, the king leaves his capital; and, on the following evening, Napoleon arrives.

Paris, on the entry of Napoleon, presented but a mournful spectacle. The crowd which went out to meet the emperor, remained in the outskirts of the city; the shops were shut—no one appeared at the windows—the Boulevards were lined with a multitude collected about the many mountebanks, tumblers, &c. which, for the two last days, had been placed there in greater numbers than usual by the police, in order to divert the populace. There was no noise, nor any acclamations; a few low murmurs and whispers were alone heard, when the spectators of these open shows turned round to look at the string of six or eight carriages, which preceded the imperial troops. The regiments then passed along, and cried out, *vive l'empereur*;—not a word from any one. They tried the more popular and ancient exclamation, *vive Bonaparte*;—all still silent. The patience of the dragoons was exhausted; some brandished their swords, others drew their pistols, and rode into the alleys, amidst the people, exclaiming, “*Crie donc, vive l'em-*



pereur!" but the crowd only gave way, and retreated, without uttering a word." I. p. 179.

True it is, that although the Bourbons fled from their palace, unpitied and unregretted, yet the return of the adventurer was marked by gloom, and he was saluted by fewer acclamations than had greeted him in the smallest town. Yet it was difficult to say, that the royalist faction was the predominant one in Paris; for never did a sovereign receive less consolation than did Louis, when he invited the national guard to defend his faithful city. But passion had since given way to reflection. The fugitive dynasty appeared by its weakness to offer more satisfactory chances to the lovers of freedom, than the return of a conqueror, strengthened by a popularity to which he had long been a stranger, and who, by the unauthorized resumption of a title which he had forfeited, and by the violent tenor of his proclamations from Lyons, seemed to seek the recovery of his throne, in the same spirit which had formerly deprived him of it.

Our limits prevent us from entering into any detail of the public acts of that short lived reign, or following our author in those numerous disquisitions with which he has, we think, somewhat overloaded the narrative of that interesting period. Suffice it to say, that his style, rather wordy and diffuse—his arrangement prejudicial to the story—and an eagerness of opinion, rather dangerous in the historian, are amply compensated by the able and honest spirit of his political views, and, above all, by his industrious and impartial relation of the measures and faults of the imperial government, during the hundred days of its duration. The usurpation of power—the return to despotic passions—the appeal to public feeling and national vanity on the part of the monarch—the menial vassalage and submission of a corrupt aristocracy—the crouching repentance of the *ancienne noblesse* on the one hand; on the other, the resistance of popular feeling—the manly spirit of the public bodies—the license of the press—the unanimous devotion of literary men to the cause of liberty—the republican spirit, the constitutional jealousy of the people, and the submission of the crown—the desire of peace, even in the army—and the general will in the nation to be free, are alternately offered in the great picture which no common industry or skill have here presented to our observation.

We shall offer but one or two remarks upon the character of the government and the nation, during that unparalleled crisis.

Confidently as we maintain the privilege of discussing the character and conduct of all those who fill the eye of the world, and influence its destinies, we desire not at all to enter into competition with those of our contemporaries, who, in a loathsome recapitulation of private vices, endeavour to complete the portrait which they sketch in ignorance and passion; nor can we admire their patriotic distrust of the national feeling, which they seem to think cannot be made sufficiently adverse to a defeated and degraded monarch, without heaping on his head imputations of a nature only to be gathered in converse with the basest of human beings. For us it is sufficient that he was ambitious, and a hater of liberty; and, by all that we can collect from this work, and from other sources of information, we doubt whether his disposition was in the smallest degree altered, in this respect, by his year of mortification. Like many others, corrupted by high station, he seems always to have been willing to extend the promise of freedom on the peril of the moment; but never to have been satisfied of its actual advantage to the people, or of its being compatible with the existence of a powerful government. In all the conversations which he held with the eminent persons then labouring to extort from him concessions to the people, he is said to have manifested a total insensibility on this point. And in the council of state, held to discuss the subject of confiscation, he was so irritated at the attempt to deprive the crown of this power, that he exclaimed, '*Je vois bien ce que vous voulez, Messieurs; mais cela ne sera pas. Il faut encore le bras, le vieux bras de l'Empereur!—et vous le sentirez.*'

Neither had his misfortunes destroyed that entire confidence in himself, nor that belief in the superior intelligence which guided him, and made it impossible for him to share his power. His insensibility to reproach can only be accounted for by this favourite belief, which, indeed, appears at all times to have relieved his conscience from the torment of self-accusation. It is reported, and, we believe, with perfect truth, that when the suicide of Berthier was related to him by one of his ministers, he replied, '*See the power of conscience! Berthier left France with his family, and all his fortune; but he had betrayed me, and he could not survive it,—while I have never for one night been deprived of sleep!*'

By far the most interesting and important part of this book, is the account given of the last of the three periods into which we divided it, in the commencement of this article; and it would, we presume, be difficult to obtain a more accurate, detailed, and impartial narration of the unparalleled crisis



which took place after the return of Bonaparte to Paris, than is given by this anonymous writer, who seems, indeed, to be eminently qualified, by his general accomplishments, the opportunities he enjoyed, and the time he has since had to correct his first impressions, to settle our belief as to the *leading events* of that memorable period. We have already stated, that there are many matters of opinion upon which we entirely disagree with him; and although we give him credit for a most faithful relation of all the outward acts of the French authorities during this struggle, we must be allowed to differ with him in the confidence with which it would rather seem that certain characters had inspired him. We own, that several of those persons, to whom our author inclines to attribute virtues of a higher order, appear to us to have been feeble or treacherous; nor can we join with him, in attributing great merit to Lanjuinais, the president of an assembly, which is so well described in the following passage, that we cannot refuse to insert it.

‘ Thus the king, amongst the other benefits which must make his name dear to Frenchmen, may join that of having brought to a close the labours of a representation as moderate, as enlightened, and as truly national, as it is possible to assemble in France; a representation less tinctured, perhaps, than might be expected, with the faults incident to popular bodies,—and developing, each day, in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and danger, qualities both of the head and heart, which will reflect honour on their labours, and, however unsuccessful, will not be wholly lost; for they will serve as an incitement and example for those whose future efforts shall meet with a more deserved and a better fate. The king himself, as well as his nation, must be considered infinitely their debtor, as the resolution of the secret committee, on the 22d of June, compelled Napoleon to abdicate, and saved his capital, if not his crown. It redounds, however, to their glory, that none of them made any merit of this action, as if performed in his favour, or from any other motive than that of saving their country from extremities. The royalists would not have had the requisite courage, which, in France, is to be found only amongst the friends of freedom. These partisans insult them with surviving their functions, and ridicule M. Manuel’s quotation from Mirabeau, with a spite which shows how happy they would have been to witness the extirpation of the patriots. Their spirit has been already sufficiently displayed. They did not die on their curule chairs, it is true; but personal exposure is rendered respectable and useful by the time in which it is employed. The senators of Rome who were massacred by Brennus had a very different fate with posterity from those who were whipped naked in the squares by the German Otho, yet the

courage of both and their cause were the same. The representatives would not have been shot, but sent to jail." Vol. II. p. 168.

We believe a more accurate investigation would have informed the writer of these letters, that great suspicion attaches to the character of Lanjuinais, for having adjourned the assembly on the 7th of July, contrary to the remonstrances of many of its members; and by those who had formerly most confidence in his fidelity, it is generally believed that he was informed of the determination to obstruct their reassembling. But the chief point upon which we would warn our readers against the excessive charity of this acute writer, is the character of Fouche, duke of Otranto, *the real sovereign of France during that eventful time*, and to whom he gives credit for many more virtues than, upon a fair examination of the facts, we can ever think him entitled to. His repeated reflections on this subject, indeed, and the very prominent figure which the personage in question makes in this extraordinary crisis, have induced us to attempt a short sketch of his life and character, taken from a pretty careful observation of his public acts during the manifold changes of the last quarter of a century.

He plunged into the revolution at an early age; and, either from enthusiasm or fear, very soon became attached to the violent party in the convention—assisted it in overturning the Girondine faction—and finally executed, and boasted of having executed, against that party and the royalists at Lyons, cruelties which would have done honour to Robespierre himself, to whose ruin, after the murder of Danton, he especially contributed, on the 9th Thermidor. From that hour, Fouche seems to have sought reconciliation with the moderate party,—but in vain. He was, with the rest of the jacobins, expelled the convention,—his arrest was decreed,—and he escaped only by flight. In his concealment, he published an address to the convention, which, in place of justifying himself, accused that assembly of having authorized and provoked all the violent measures of which he had been the organ.

From that period to the year 1796, he was an object of suspicion as a terrorist. Whenever a jacobin conspiracy was discovered, he uniformly disappeared from the scene, and only reappeared when the attacks of the royalist party drove the directory to seek aid from the jacobins. In every such crisis, he resumed their principles, and sought eagerly for employment, from which he was only excluded by his former bad reputation. In 1797 he was sent on a mission to Italy—reappeared on the 18th of Fructidor, and was proposed for the ministry of the police—but again rejected; and it was not



until the revolution which took place in the directory in 1798, that he obtained that ministry. Syeyes then prevailed through the aid of the jacobins, but immediately became their enemy;—and Fouche, who, as in 1794, hoped to reconcile himself with the nation, gave to his administration a very mild character, although he secretly protected the jacobins, and with difficulty escaped himself from the vengeance of the wily director. Upon the return of Bonaparte, whom Syeyes unwillingly associated to his designs of overturning the directory, Fouche conducted himself with such address, that, although known to be the friend of the jacobins, and himself under the *surveillance* of Thurot his chief secretary, who had orders to arrest him upon the first symptom of treachery, he outrode the storm; and, upon the 18th Brumaire, he remained in office, and without delay attached himself to Bonaparte.

Now, for the first time, his repentance could manifest itself in an effectual manner;—the minister supported his master in organizing a mitigated despotism; and, profiting by the violence of Bonaparte, he obtained for himself the reputation of a protector of all parties, and, in spite of his former crimes, his name became universally popular in France. Nothing, indeed, was so easy as this manœuvre to those who knew Bonaparte. The emperor issued a violent decree—Fouche made the nature of it known before it was promulgated—blamed it in conversation—then only half executed it.—The emperor was angry,—the minister executed it entirely:—But, in the mean time, he was known to have blamed it, and to have retarded its execution. Sometimes, too, the emperor was persuaded, in the interval, to mitigate its severity, so that, even by the delay, Fouche, no doubt, contributed to preserve the lives and fortunes of many of his countrymen.

Bonaparte soon perceived his minister's game;—but the fear of his influence, and the power of his agents, was such, that he did not send him away till the end of three years.—At last the blow was struck.—Fouche quitted his first ministry; and although he had transported one hundred and thirty republicans for a conspiracy, in which he declared they were not concerned, and conducted to the scaffold four Frenchmen for a plot of which he denied the existence,—although he had let many royalists be shot, and had banished many more,—he had universally, on his retirement, the character of being a stanch friend both of the royalists and of the republicans.

The government of his successor, Regnier, was distinguished by the trial of Pichegru and Moreau, and the murder of the duke d'Enghien. In that season of gloom and terror,

Fouche was again longed for; and Napoleon, in spite of his suspicions, found it prudent to replace him.—He continued to practise again his old game—delay—bold and mysterious conversation—blame of his master's plans,—which he nevertheless executed, when resignation was the alternative.

In 1810, Bonaparte suddenly abused him in council; obliged him to accept the government of Rome; then dismissed him from the ministry; sent him from Paris, and arrested him on the road. Fouche threatened discoveries, and escaped into banishment and obscurity, where he remained until the first abdication of the emperor. Fouche at first dreaded the counter-revolution; but seeing M. de Talleyrand in possession of the government, he not only took courage, but aspired to complete his whitewashing, by becoming the minister of Louis XVIII.

His conduct during the eleven months of that reign, was conformable to this project. To the patriots, he insisted on the necessity of a popular ministry. To the princes, with whom he continually intrigued, he promised the consolidation of the monarchy, as he had effected that of Napoleon, and expressed sincere contrition for the death of Louis XVI. To the jacobins, he declared his adherence, and promoted their projects and conspiracies. His conversation was of a piece. He abused the Bourbons—then said they might be saved by making him a minister;—occasionally announced a plot,—which he assured the royalists he endeavoured to prevent for the sake of the king,—and the jacobins to save their heads. A little treachery towards all parties heightened the zest, and proved the authenticity of his communications—and increased the anxiety which was to make his assistance valuable.

When Napoleon landed, Fouche offered himself to the court. The princes negotiated with him; but after the first conference, orders were given to arrest him.—Some have thought, that this arrest was a stratagem, to insure the employment of Fouche by the usurper:—And the conduct of the former to Bonaparte, and the indiscretion of the royalists, who never ceased to count upon him, and to quote the proofs of their intelligence with him, might seem to warrant this notion; but we are more apt to attribute to the habitual distrust and weakness of that family, an act which, after all, could never conceal from Napoleon the constant intrigues of Fouche with the discarded dynasty. It is well known, that he had said to one of the emigrating royalists, 'Sauvez le Monarque—Je reponds de la monarchie.' This, it is true, may be attributed to the habitual lightness of his conversation, which is so great;



that it is well known that when the duke of Wellington reproached him with having asserted to the chamber, in his message from the government, that the allies insisted on the restoration of the king, and challenged him to prove the truth of the assertion, he replied—‘*Que voulez vous de plus? Le Roi n'est-il pas dans son Palais? C'est tout ce qu'il faut.*’

Bonaparte, dependent and timid as he was at his last return, had no option about employing Carnot and Fouché; and the conduct of the latter from that moment became problematical. On the one hand, he used all means to attach to the imperial government, all those whose popularity gave strength to it. It is equally certain, that if he meditated at that time the overthrow of Napoleon, he did not confide his project to those friends of liberty whom he had rallied round the eagle, although many of them were his intimate friends. On the other hand, he did not fail to revert to his old tactics. In conversation, he blamed and treated with ridicule and contempt the projects of the emperor, whose government, he said, ran great risks. He allowed the royalists to write such libels as no government can permit; and exhorted the republicans to attack, so that his house was the enemy's camp. He is said to have promoted the war in La Vendée; but of this charge there does not appear sufficient proof. After the battle of Waterloo, Fouché was named president of the government; and was entrusted with the conduct of the negotiations. Whatever doubt may exist as to his intentions before, there can exist none as to his conduct after the abdication of Napoleon. He alone acted; and managed to keep his colleagues in a state of entire subserviency. They feared they might impede his measures by acting without his directions; and his mode of paralyzing their efforts, was to absent himself, whenever measures were likely to be proposed by any other person. It was known he was gone to lord Wellington;—delay was the consequence;—and Fouché gained a day, which was lost to his country! Thus he got over the time, from the 22d June to the 7th July, without giving any explanation to his colleagues, nor to the chambers, nor even to his intimate friends, whose lives were in danger from his impenetrable silence.

As to the negotiations with the allies, he had but one proposition to make—but one remedy for all evils;—‘*Make me minister—I answer for the rest.*’ He stipulated neither for France, nor for her constitution, nor for individuals—one single individual excepted. To him, without a doubt, is owing the return of the Bourbons without any condition whatsoever. Any other man at the head of the provisional government,—

backed by the national representation which was devoted to liberty, and by an army of 70,000 men, with 300 pieces of cannon,—by the national guard well disposed, as their attachment to the tricolour has since proved,—would have saved the liberty of his country even with the present dynasty. But Fouche looked only to himself; and as his first idea in 1794 was to recover the place in society which he had forfeited by his crimes, so his last thought in 1815 was reconciliation with the court which he had so grievously offended. In one word, Fouche having become a rich and important personage, under the auspices of usurped dominion, was desirous to complete his titles after the fashion of legitimacy. Accordingly, he betrayed his country,—abandoned his friends,—signed the warrants for their death, and the lists of their proscription,—and succeeded, as such persons usually do, for a time. But at last he found himself alone in the wilderness he had created. He would then have returned to a better system; but it was too late. His reports are eloquent and able, but they accelerated his downfall. He was the minister of Louis XVIII.; but he had been the judge of Louis XVI.; and he is now wandering over the face of the earth, perhaps less respected than any one of those whom he had, but a few weeks before, delivered to the vengeance of the court.

We have not room to comment upon, or to extract several passages which we had marked of characteristic description, of which the third letter affords an admirable specimen; and which, even in that style, may be advantageously contrasted with certain quaint, glaring, and elaborate performances on the same subject, which have probably been perused, and by this time nearly forgotten, by most of our readers. It is here, indeed, that an exuberant zeal in the cause of political justice, and somewhat of an excessive tendency to argumentative discussion, have diversified the work with dissertations upon congress, the slave trade, and the merits and demerits of individual politicians, to a degree that takes somewhat from the unity of the design, and deprives the work of that character of perfect impartiality which ought always to prevail in an *historical memoir*: but we venture nevertheless to affirm, that these letters afford materials for the future historian, considerably more valuable, both as to accuracy, copiousness, and connection, than any other work of the same description which the unparalleled interest of the subject has yet brought before the public. Perhaps a less conscientious adherence to the form and substance of the communications actually made to his friends at the several dates, might have improved the vo-



lume now submitted to the world at large, by suppressing reasonings important no doubt in themselves, but, as our author must well know, not very likely, however deserving of attention, to guide the conduct of nations, even if the same circumstances were to recur. On the other hand, the scrupulous and intrepid fidelity of the writer in narrating events which refute his own predictions,—his eagerness to speculate, and his willingness to retract,—his admiration converted to blame,—his uniform preference of principles to persons—afford pledges of undeviating truth which we have rarely witnessed,—and abundantly compensate for those defects of arrangement, and that general looseness and diffuseness of style, which, in an author of such powers, can only be accounted for by the fact of his having now published, with little alteration, a series of letters, actually written to his private friends, with the copiousness and carelessness which belongs to such compositions.

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*The Wanderer in Norway, with other Poems. By Thomas Brown, M. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Second edition. 12mo. 6s.*

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

THE poem which gives a name to this little volume neither contains a story, nor is descriptive of romantic scenery; but is simply the moral picture of an impassioned mind suffering misery by having yielded to a guilty passion. The delineation, though strong, is far from being ideal, being no other than a portraiture of the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft drawn from her own letters, and the memoir of her life published by her husband. Dr. Brown has converted the history of that unhappy woman to an excellent purpose, by showing the essential importance of those high principles of conduct which no mind, however ardent in its general admiration of virtue, can abandon with impunity, and without the strength of which no powers are strong. Of the other pieces which make up the contents of the book, by far the most animated is that addressed to professor Dugald Stewart, with a copy of Darwin's *Zoonomia*.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

*Observations on the application of coal gas to the purposes of illumination.* By WILLIAM THOMAS BRANDE, F. R. S. L. and E. Prof. Chem. R. I. &c.

[From the Journal of Science and the Arts.]

THE employment of the gases evolved during the destructive distillation of common pit coal for the illumination of streets and houses, is a subject of such intrinsic and increasing importance, as to render some account of its progress and improvement, a proper subject of discussion in this Journal.

That coal evolves a permanently elastic and inflammable æri-form fluid seems first to have been experimentally ascertained by the Rev. Dr. Clayton, and a brief account of his discovery is published in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1739. The following is an extract from his paper. "I got some coal, and distilled it in a retort in an open fire. At first there came over only phlegm, afterwards a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose, which I could no ways condense; but it forced my lute, or broke my glasses. Once when it had forced my lute, coming close thereto in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued out, caught fire at the flame of the candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again alternately, for several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit, in order to which I took a turbinated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver whilst the spirit arose, I observed that it caught flame, and continued burning at the end of the pipe, though you could not discern what fed the flame. I then blew it out, and lighted it again several times; after which I fixed a bladder, squeezed and void of air, to the pipe of the receiver. The oil and phlegm descended into the receiver, but the spirit still ascending blew up the bladder. I then filled a good many bladders therewith, and might have filled an inconceivable number more, for the spirit continued to rise for several hours, and filled the bladders almost as fast as a man could have blown them with his mouth: and yet the quantity of coals distilled was considerable.

"I kept this spirit in the bladders a considerable time, and endeavoured several ways to condense it, but in vain. And when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of these bladders, and pricking a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder, near the flame of a can-



ble till it once took fire, it would then continue flaming till all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder: which was the more surprising, because no one could discern any difference in the appearance between these bladders, and those which are filled with common air.

“But then I found that this spirit must be kept in good thick bladders, as in those of an ox or the like; for if I filled calves’ bladders therewith, it would lose its inflammability in twenty-four hours, though the bladders became not relaxed at all.”

But the application of the gas thus generated to the purposes of economical illumination, is of much more recent date, and the merit of introducing it is principally due to Mr. Murdoch, whose observations upon the subject are published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1808. He first tried it in Cornwall, in the year 1792; and afterwards in 1798 established an apparatus upon a more extended scale at Boulton and Watts’ foundry at Birmingham; and it was there that the first public display of gas lights was made in 1802, upon the occasion of the rejoicings for peace. These, however, were but imperfect trials, when compared with that made in 1805 at Messrs. Philips and Lee’s cotton mills at Manchester; and upon the results of which, all subsequent procedures, with regard to gas lighting, may be said to be founded. The whole cotton mill, with many adjacent buildings, were illuminated with coal gas to the exclusion of lamps, candles, and other sources of artificial light. Nearly a thousand burners of different forms were employed; and the light produced was estimated equal to that of 2500 well managed candles of six to the pound.

The most important and curious part of Mr. Murdoch’s statement, relates to the cost of the two modes of lighting (namely, by gas and candles,) per annum. The cost of the coal used to furnish the gas, amounting annually to 110 tons, was 125*l*. Forty tons of coals to heat the retort, 20*l*. and the interest of capital sunk, with due allowances for accidents and repairs, 550*l*. From the joint amount of these items, must be deducted the value of seventy tons of coke, at 1*s*. 4*d*. per cwt. amounting to 93*l*. which reduces the total annual expense to 602*l*.; while that of candles to give the same light, would amount to 2000*l*.

Such was the flattering result of the first trial of gas illumination upon a tolerably extensive scale. In regard to its efficacy, we are informed by Mr. Murdoch, that the peculiar softness and clearness of the light, with its almost unvarying intensity, brought it into great favour with the work people; and it being free from the inconvenience of sparks, and the frequent necessity of snuffing, are circumstances of material importance, as tending to diminish the hazard from fire, to which cotton mills are so much exposed.

## AUBREY'S ACCOUNT OF SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

From his manuscripts preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford.

## MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore, by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a *high style*, and make a speech. This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the play houses, and did act exceedingly well. (Now Ben Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor.) He began early to make essays in dramatique poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his playes took well. He was a handsome well shaped man, verie good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth witt. The humour of the constable, in *A Midsommer Night Dreame*, he happened to take at Crendon, in Bucks, (I think it was midsommer night that he happened to be there,) which is the road from London to Stratford; and there was living that constable about 1642, when I came first to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe is of the parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men wherever they came. One time, as he was at the taverne at Stratford, Mr. Combes, an old usurer, was to be buried; he makes then this extemporary epitaph upon him:—

'Ten in the hundred the Devill allowes,  
But Combes will have twelve, he swears and he vowes;  
If any one aske who lies in this tombe,  
Hoh! quoth the Devill, 'tis my John o'Combe!'

"He was wont to go to his native country once a yeare. I think I have been told that he left neare 300*l.* to a sister. He understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a school master in the country."

## MR. BENJAMIN JOHNSON, POET-LAUREAT.

"I remember when I was a scholar at Trin. Col. Oxon, 1646, I heard Mr. Ralph Bathurst (now dean of Wells) say, that Ben Johnson was a Warwyckshire man. Tis agreed that his father was a minister; and by his epistle D. D. of *Every Man* ——— to Mr. Wm. Camden, that he was a Westminster scholar, and that Mr. W. Camden was his schoolmaster. His mother, after his father's death, married a bricklayer; and tis generally sayd, that he wrought some time with his father in lawe, and particularly on the garden wall of Lincolns Inn, next to Chancery lane; and that a knight, a benchur, walking thro', and hearing him repeat some Greeke verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to



have a witt extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was ———; then he went into the Lowe Countreys, and spent some time, not very long, in the armie, not to the disgrace of it, as you may find in his epigrammes. Then he came into England, and acted and wrote at the Green Curtaine (but both ill;) a kind of nursery, or obscure playhouse, somewhere in the suburbs (I think towards Shoreditch or Clarkenwell.) Then he undertooke againe to write a play, and did hitt it admirably well; viz. *Every Man* ———, which was his first good one. Sergeant Jo. Hoskins, of Herefordshire, was his *father*. I remember his sonne (Sir Bennet Hoskins, baronet, who was something poetical in his youth) told me, that when he desired to be adopted his sonne, No, said he, 'tis honour enough for me to be your brother: I am your father's sonne, 'twas he that polished me, I doe acknowledge it. He was (or rather had been) of a cleare and fair skin: his habit was very plaine. I have heard Mr. Lacy, the player, say, that he was wont to weare a coate like a coachman's coate, with slitts under the arm-pitts. He would many times excede in drinke: Canarie was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to studie. I have seen his studyeing chaire, which was of strawe, such as old women used, and as Aulus Gellius is drawn in. When I was in Oxon, Bishop Skynner (Bp. of Oxford,) who lay at our coll., was wont to say, that he understood an author as well as any man in England. He mentions, in his epigrammes, a sonne that he had, and his epitaph. Long since, in King James's time, I have heard my uncle Davers (Danvers) say, who knew him, that he lived without Temple barre, at a combe-maker's shop, about the Eleph<sup>u</sup>. Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under whiche you passe as you goe out of the Church yearde into the Old Palace, where he dyed. He lies buried in the north aisle, the path square of stones, the rest is lozenge, opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square of bleu marble, O RARE BEN JONSON; which was donne at the charge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted; who walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cutt it."

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*The Prudent Judge.*

[From the European Magazine.]

A TURKISH merchant, whose affairs called him into foreign countries, deposited a purse of a thousand sequins in the hands of a dervise, whom he considered as his friend, and prayed to take the charge of that sum for him till his return from a journey he was about to make.

At the expiration of twelve months the merchant returned, claimed his property, and desired the dervise to restore it him;

but he denied strongly his having any sum of the merchant's, and consequently refused delivering him any. The other, shocked at this perfidy, addressed himself immediately to the cady, who told him he had acted very imprudently in trusting his money to a man with whose principles he was totally unacquainted. "It will be a difficult matter," replied the cady, "to compel this wretch to refund the sum, having received it from you without witnesses: but I will see," added he, "what I can do for you. Return to him, speak amicably to him, but do not give him the least intimation that I am acquainted with the affair; and come to me again to-morrow same hour."

The merchant obeyed punctually the cady's orders; but so far from drawing his money from the dervise, he met with nothing but insults from him. During the dispute, one of the cady's slaves arrives, and invites the dervise to come to his master, which he immediately complies with. He is introduced into the handsomest room, received by the cady with great friendship, and even treated as a person of distinguished rank. The cady conversed with him on various subjects, interlarding the discourse, as occasion offered, with encomiums on the knowledge and wisdom of the dervise. When by these means he thought he had gained his confidence, he said to him, "I have sent for you, honest dervise, to give you a proof of my friendship and esteem. An affair of the greatest moment requires my absence for some months; and as I do not trust to my slaves, I want to deposit my treasure into the hands of a man who enjoys, like you, an unblemished reputation. If you can take this charge upon yourself without any prejudice to your occupations, I will send you to-morrow, in the night, my most valuable effects; but as this business requires a profound silence, I shall give orders to my slaves to convey them to you as a present."—A gracious smile instantly covered the dervise's countenance; he returned the cady a thousand thanks for the confidence he reposed in him; and bound himself by the strongest oaths to guard his treasure as the apple of his eye, and departed as contented as if he had already bilked the judge.

The next day the merchant returned to the cady, and informed him of the dervise's obstinacy in refusing to restore him his sequins.—"Return again to him," said the judge to him: "and if he persists in his refusal, threaten to complain of him to me, and it is my opinion you will not be obliged to repeat the threat." The merchant goes back to the dervise, and had no sooner mentioned the cady to him, than he, fearing to lose the treasure he was to have the care of, returned him his purse, telling him, with a smile, "My dear friend, why need you have recourse to the cady? Your money was in perfect safety with me; my refusal was but a joke I put upon you, to see how you would take it." The merchant was prudent enough not to give credit to this jesting, and returned to the cady to thank him for his generous assistance.



Night coming on, the dervise prepared to receive the treasure that had been promised; but it passed without the appearance of any of the cady's slaves, and the night was for him of an insupportable length. As soon as the day appeared, he went to the judge. —“ I am come to know why my lord the cady did not send his slaves last night to me?” —“ Because,” answered the judge, “ I have been apprized from an honest merchant that you are a perfidious wretch, whom justice will one day punish as your villany deserves, if a second complaint of this nature comes to my knowledge.” The dervise made a profound reverence, and departed without proffering the least syllable.

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*Dangerous Attractions: Suicides: Lakes.*

[From the Literary Panorama.]

A Danish Journal offers the following anecdote: “ During several months past a number of individuals, especially young men bewildered by ambition, have put themselves to death, by throwing themselves from the Round Tower; and to prevent these misfortunes, it has been found necessary to station sentinels at the place. The same precaution is frequently resorted to in Norway, with regard to a lake in the neighbourhood of Bergen. In a bason extremely deep, surrounded by projecting rocks, the lake spreads its still and motionless water, so effectually concealed from the light of day, that the stars may be discerned in the fluid at noon-day. The birds, conscious of a kind of attractive power resident in this vast gulf, dare not attempt to pass it. Whoever visits it, after having, with great exertions clambered up the barrier of rocks, around it, experiences a most uncontrollable desire to throw himself into his *heaven reversed*. It may be referred to the same kind of delusive feeling which is suffered when in a small boat, crossing a still water, so perfectly transparent that every stone at the bottom may be seen; it seems to invite the passenger to enter; and the passenger feels himself willing to comply. The Norwegians attribute this sensation to the magic power of the nymphs, or *Nixes*, who are still supposed to people every river and lake in the romantic districts of Scandinavia.

# POETRY.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

[By Lord Byron.]

LET Edinburgh critics o'erwhelm with their praises  
Their Madame de STAEL, and their fam'd L'EPINASSE:  
Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,  
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass:  
But cheering's the beam, and unfading the splendour  
Of thy torch, Wedded Love! and it never has yet  
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,  
Than it sheds on the name of the fair LAVALETTE.

Then fill high the wine cup, e'en Virtue shall bless it,  
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;  
The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,  
And HYMEN shall honour the pledge to her fame:  
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too  
Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt;  
And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,  
The constant, the noble, the fair LAVALETTE.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,  
To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,  
And turns from the stairs of the Priest-haunted palace,  
While those who replaced them there, blush for their cause:  
But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory  
Of dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,  
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story  
Of the fond self-devotion of fair LAVALETTE.

—  
For the Analectic Magazine.

INSCRIPTION, PROPOSED, FOR THE MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON.

ART thou a candidate for virtuous fame,  
Who gazest on this everlasting name?  
Then make the deeds, whose splendours round it glow,  
Th' exemplar whence thy virtuous actions flow.  
Would'st thou those high sublime achievements learn?  
To History's proudest, brightest volumes turn.  
Whate'er of goodness God to man imparts—  
Whate'er of greatness dwells in human hearts—  
And all of wisdom that exalts the mind,  
In Washington harmoniously combined.  
He waked to life on Freedom's chosen shore,  
And early caught her flame and drank her lore.  
When thundering o'er the Ocean's gloomy waves,  
Oppression came to make Columbians slaves;  
He grasp'd the sword, and rising in his might,  
Called on her sons and marched to glorious fight.  
Back roll'd th' invading blast, and Victory's peal  
Proclaimed the power that edged his flaming steel.  
Then was employed his unambitious mind  
To quell the feuds the conflict left behind—  
And, as in battle, he, in council great,  
Became the guardian of the rising state.  
His country is the page of his renown,  
And bliss eternal his rewarding crown:—

D. B.



## DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

*A Journal of a Young Man of Massachusetts, late a surgeon on board of an American privateer, who was captured by the British, &c.* Written by himself. Boston. Rowe and Hooper. 1816.

This journal bears on every page the stamp of its genuineness. No bookmaking tricks, and indeed few arts of any kind, have been employed in its composition. It contains the author's relation of his adventures and opinions from the day when he stepped on board a privateer, "with no other idea than that of a pleasant cruize and making a fortune," until his return to his native country, after having been captured at sea, and suffered much in several British prisons.—His description of the laws, usages, intrigues, and *state of society* in these abodes of wretchedness, forms by far the most amusing portion of his work.—The Crown Prince prison-ship, at Chatham, contained, he informs us, "a pretty well organized community. We were allowed to establish among ourselves an internal police for our own comfort and self-government. And here we adhered to the forms of our own adored constitution; for in place of making a king, dukes, and lords, we elected a president and twelve counsellors, who, having executive as well as legislative powers, we called *committee men*. But instead of four years, they were to hold their offices but four weeks: at the end of which a new set were chosen, by the general votes of all the prisoners."—

"We used to have our stated, as well as occasional courts. Beside a bench of judges, we had our orators, and expounders of our laws. It was amusing and interesting to see a sailor, in his round short jacket, addressing the committee, or bench of judges, with a phiz as serious, and with lies as specious as any of our common lawyers in Massachusetts. They would argue, turn and twist, evade, retreat, back out, renew the attack, and dispute every inch of the ground, or rather the deck, with an address that astonished me." p. 54.

Among other things, the pernicious tendency of gaming attracted the attention of the legislative body. "We accordingly," says the author, "took a vote, agreeably to the custom of our country, and it was found to be the will of the majority to prohibit the practice of it. We began with the roulette table, or, as our men called them, 'wheels of fortune.' After no small opposition from the French officers, we succeeded in putting them down; but we could not succeed so easily against the billiard tables.—The owners of 'the wheels of fortune' were, perhaps, envied. They made money and lived better than the rest, and the same remark was made of the owners of the billiard tables. In the course of debate they were tauntingly called the *privileged order*, and rising from one degree of odious epithet to another, I could not help laughing, on hearing one angry orator pronounce this scheme of screwing money out of the pockets of the artless, and then laughing at their

poverty and distress, to be down right FEDERALISM. Now it should be known that a *Federalist* and *Federalism*, are the most odious ideas that can be raised up in the minds of every American prisoner in this river. A law was, therefore, proposed, to fine any American prisoner, who should call another a *Federalist*." p. 88.

But the most curious part of the prison history is the account of the usurpation of *king Dick* over the negroes confined at Dartmoor. "These blacks," we are told, "have a ruler among them whom they call *king Dick*. He is by far the largest, and I suspect the strongest man in the prison. He is six feet five inches in height, and proportionably large. This black Hercules commands respect, and his subjects tremble in his presence. He goes the rounds every day, and visits every birth to see if they are all kept clean. When he goes the rounds, he puts on a large bear-skin cap, and carries in his hand a huge club. If any of his men are dirty, drunken, or grossly negligent, he threatens them with a beating, and if they are saucy they are sure to receive one. They have several times conspired against him, and attempted to dethrone him; but he has always conquered the rebels."—"Besides his majesty *king Dick*, these black prisoners have among them a priest, who preaches every Sunday. He can read, and he gives good advice to his brethren; and his prayers are very much in the strain of what we have been used to hear at home. In the course of his education, he has learnt, it is said, to know the nature of crimes and punishments; for, it is said, that while on board the Crown Prince, prison-ship, at Chatham, he received a dozen lashes for stealing some clothing."—"It is curious to observe the natural alliance between *king Dick* and this priest. *Dick* honours and protects him, while the priest inculcates respect and obedience to this *Richard the 4th*. Here we see the union of church and state in miniature. Who told this negro that to maintain his influence, he must rally round the huge club of the strongest and most powerful man in this black gang of sinners? And who told *king Dick* that his nervous arm and massy club, were insufficient without the aid of the preacher of terror? Neither of them had read or heard of Machiavel." p. 166.

This keen, prying, good-humoured, warm-hearted New-England-man entertains his readers in various parts of his book with abundance of his notions on religion, jurisprudence, politics, and philosophy, and on the national characteristics of several countries. There are many of his remarks on these topics which, from their pleasantry, singularity, or shrewdness, we should be glad to extract, if this article were not already extended as far as our limits will conveniently allow.

Proposals have been published at Charleston, South Carolina, for re-printing by subscription the Poems of the late Gavin Turnbull, with an additional canto to his Bard, and other original poems; together with his Lectures, moral, classical and satirical. For the benefit of his widow.



That Mr. Turnbull was a genuine poet, is acknowledged by all persons of taste who have perused his works. Indeed the honourable mention made of him by Dr. Currie, in his biography of the celebrated Burns, and the opinion entertained of his writings in Britian as well as America, put his literary merit, as well as his reputation, beyond all doubt, and give him a distinguished station among the minstrels of Scotland,—now as illustrious for her poets as her philosophers. When, too, it is considered that the proposed publication is intended not only as a means to pay a just tribute to departed genius, and wreath the monumental urn of our bard—for he belongs to us as well as to his native country—with a garland of his own weaving, but also to rescue from indigence an aged widow, the partner of his hapless destiny, we feel sanguine in the hope that the appeal now made to an enlightened public for their patronage will be answered in a manner worthy of their wonted liberality and beneficence:

The work will be comprised in 300 large duodecimo pages. It will be handsomely printed on a clear paper with an elegant type, and delivered to subscribers in neat sheep binding at two dollars. A list of the patrons of this work will be annexed to it.

In the review with which we were favoured of Latour's Historical Memoir, translated from the manuscript copy in French, by H. P. Nugent, esq. of New-Orleans, our learned correspondent omitted to say any thing concerning the merit of the translator. We think it right, however, to declare that if the original of that animated and elegant work does credit to the author as a soldier, a citizen, and a writer, the translation does complete justice to the original.

The ingenious editor of a daily newspaper, published in a neighbouring state, compliments his poetical correspondents by giving to the department of his journal appropriated to their productions the name of *Limbo*; a name by which Milton designates the paradise of fools.

We learn that Mr. John H. Eaton, a gentleman said to possess competent learning, talents, industry, and means of information, has undertaken to complete the life of general Jackson, and the history of the war in the south; the work which was commenced and left unfinished by the late major John Read.

*Gerund-grinding* can now no longer be considered as a mere figure of speech: a person lately advertised in this city to teach grammar by means of a machine.

The ingenuity of the old world in scientific contrivances seems to keep pace with ours. It is stated in a late London paper, that a Polish Jew, named Abraham Stern, has invented an arithmetical machine, which solves all problems in the four rules of arithmetic, in whole numbers and fractions, quicker than can be done upon

paper. When the machine is set, it performs the operation and gives notice when it is done by ringing a bell!

It is in contemplation, we are informed, to establish an office in this city for correcting the press. The very erroneous manner in which several works are printed in the United States is indeed shameful, and demands loudly some correction or other. It would almost seem as if many of our books were printed, as watches are made up in Birmingham, for sale, but not for use.

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND FINE ARTS.

THE first number of a new and valuable periodical work, emanating from the Royal London Institution, and entitled the Quarterly Journal of Science and the Arts, has been lately published. "It is proposed," say the editors, "that the present journal shall appear only four times a year; and in this period of activity in science and literature, it may be presumed that a sufficiency of useful information respecting the sciences and the arts of life may be collected, to give interest and importance to a quarterly publication. The circumstances of the times likewise are favourable; the great commonwealth of Europe is recovering its ancient social relations; and it may be hoped that those energies of the human mind which have so long been employed in the operations of war, will be turned to the arts of peace, and that enterprise and emulation will principally be directed to objects connected with the happiness of society."

*From late British publications.*

The Philosophy of Nature; or the Influence of Scenery on the Mind and Heart. 2 vols.—These elegant volumes exhibit an uncommon variety of reading turned to the most profitable account in the formation of a correct judgment and the improvement of a fine taste. The author is enthusiastic in his admiration of landscape scenery, whether soft or romantic, and his numerous sketches of the beauties of nature in different parts of the world are drawn with uncommon neatness and felicity of expression. But the peculiar excellence and indeed originality of the work consists in the striking analogy which it presents between the sublimities of the external creation and the intellectual dignity of man. Every object on the globe, grand or minute, the mountain and the rock, the forest and the flower, become instrumental to the improvement of moral feeling and the expansion of the understanding. Where so much excellence abounds it would be unreasonable to find fault with any trifling defects; but as we hope to see many successive editions of this valuable and most instructive performance, we think its utility would be increased by compression. This might be done satisfactorily by condensing several of the characters,



particularly of the painters, and by cutting off numerous quotations, some of which are tedious, others irrelevant, and not a few too common for such a book, and the class of readers with whom it cannot fail to be a favourite.

The Congress of Vienna. By M. de Pradt. Translated from the French.—The author of this work has had abundant opportunities to become acquainted with the politics of modern Europe by virtue of his connection with Bonaparte, whom he represented in a diplomatic capacity at Warsaw. But though it cannot be denied that M. de Pradt is an acute observer of men, and sufficiently read in the history of most courts, to render his opinions and remarks in some degree worthy of notice, there is at the same time, throughout all his works, such an insufferable spirit of vanity in speaking of himself as to disgust every reader of sensibility. This man who was an abbé and an archbishop of the constitutional order, became a very ready tool of the imperial government; but when that was overthrown by the allies, his most reverend excellency took the merit of that event to himself, for it seems by his account the emperor said after his fall, "One man less and I should have been master of the world!" Now, who could this one man be? the reader will naturally ask, anticipating most probably that it could be no other than the duke of Wellington. No such thing, my honest friend, for this important person was no other than M. de Pradt, who says, "*Cet homme c'est moi*," "That man is myself;" which he proves by telling us he mismanaged his embassy in Poland, and thereby contributed to Napoleon's failure in Russia. Such is the enlightened and liberal statesman who has in this volume presumed to give his decisive opinion on the present and future state of every country in Europe.

Of a recent discovery of some important remains of the works of the Roman classics, in the Ambrosian library at Milan, the public have been informed in former numbers of this magazine. The greater part of them have been there just printed at the royal press. They consist of three orations of Cicero, with a commentary on them, and of four other orations; of eight orations of Summachus, and of almost the entire works of Fronto.

The interesting Grecian sculptures, discovered in the temple of Apollo, in Phygalia, by Mr. Cockerell and other artists, and which, as we have already announced, have been bought by the British government, have arrived in London, and are deposited in the British museum. They contain an hundred figures in *alto-relievo*, above two feet high, forming two complete subjects of combats, viz. between the *Centauræ* and *Lapithæ*, and between the *Amazons* and *Helleneans*. They are believed to be the only examples extant of entire subjects of the admirable school of Phidias. The energy and force displayed in the action of the figures is wonderful, and the variety and unity in the composition show

how far the arts must have been carried in the refined age of Pericles.

Mr. Ricardo has published an able pamphlet, on the means of providing an economical and secure currency. His proposal is, that, to prevent the rise of paper above the value of bullion, the bank should be obliged to deliver uncoined gold at the mint standard and price, in exchange for their notes, instead of the delivery of guineas; and that they should be also obliged to give their paper in exchange for standard gold at the price of 3*l.* 17*s.* per ounce. The quantity demanded or sold not to be less than twenty ounces. Mr. Ricardo shows the effect this would have in keeping the value of notes and of bullion equal.

A work, in the true Swiftian style, has lately challenged extensive curiosity, under the title of *Gulzara, Princess of Persia*; but which, in truth, relates to personages much nearer home. We understand the author is a respectable gentleman, well known in the literary circles of the metropolis.

The coal-gas company have lately increased the gaseous product, yielded by coal, by distilling a second time the tar which is obtained during the first distillation.

Dr. Tatham, rector of Lincoln college, Oxford, has published a very sensible pamphlet on the state of the currency of the country generally, which merits general perusal. He proposes the establishment of a superior government bank.

The seventh and eighth volumes of *Campbell's Lives of the Admirals*, commenced by the late Mr. Henry Redhead Yorke, the publication of which from a variety of unforeseen circumstances has been delayed so long, are now at the press and in a state of great forwardness, and it is fully expected that both the volumes, which will complete this interesting national work, will be ready for publication early in the ensuing summer.

The lives of Dr. Pocock, bishop Pearce, bishop Newton, and Mr. Skelton, taken from the editions of their works, are printing in two octavo volumes.

*Museum Criticum*; or, *Cambridge Classical Researches*, No. VI. will contain, among other matter, the following articles: *Letters and Papers relating to the Egyptian Inscription of Rosetta.*—*Account of the dramatic representations of the Greeks.*—*J. J. Scaligeri Epistolæ quædam Selectæ.*—*Stesichori Fragmenta.*—*Remarks on the versification of Homer.*—*On the population of Athens.*—*Review of Dr. Malthy's Thesaurus Græcæ Poeseos.*—*Review of Willet's edition of Galeni Adhortatio ad Artes, &c.*

Speedily will be published, by Mr. Taylor, a *Treatise on Landscape*, comprising a series of interesting studies on fifty



plates, from original drawings, or selected from the best masters, in regular process from the first outlines to the finished subject. To be completed in four numbers, royal 8vo. price 3s. each.

Also, a Treatise on Architecture, including its history, progress, peculiar styles of different nations, the orders, their characteristics, with a great variety of interesting information relating to this art; illustrated by a series of fifty plates, including plans, elevations, sections, views, &c. of the most remarkable buildings, ancient and modern. To be completed in four numbers, royal 8vo. price 3s. each.

The fourth volume of the Antiquities of Athens, &c. by Stuart and Revett, imperial folio, containing 88 plates of the architectural antiquities at Pola; the sculpture of the celebrated temple of Minerva, at Athens, by Phidias, &c. besides 15 vignettes; edited by Mr. Joseph Woods, is now completed at the press, and will be delivered to the subscribers in the course of this month.

An elegant work in large 4to. with many coloured plates, by Mr. Repton, under the title of Fragments on Landscape-Gardening and Architecture, as connected with rural scenery, is nearly completed.

Mr. Laing, architect, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in imperial folio, Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Buildings, public and private, including plans and details of the new custom-house, at London. The engraving of the plate is in great forwardness.

At press, a System of Mechanical Philosophy, by the late John Robison, LL. D. professor of natural philosophy in the University, and secretary to the royal society of Edinburgh. With notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the physical sciences. By David Brewster, LL. D. F. R. S. E. In four vols. 8vo. with numerous plates.

Mr. William Jones, late acting surgeon at Serampore, will soon publish a Collection of Facts and Opinions relative to Widows burning themselves with the dead bodies of their Husbands, and to other destructive customs prevalent in British India.

Preparing for publication, the Works of Ben Jonson, complete; carefully collated with the earliest editions, and corrected; illustrated with notes, critical and explanatory. To which is prefixed an original Life of the Author. By William Gifford, esq. Handsomely printed by Bulmer, in 8vo.

The Antiquary, a novel, by the author of Waverley and Guy Mannering, will appear in April.

The number of works on various subjects that has appeared in France during the year 1815, is 674. Our readers may recollect, that formerly it approached, or even exceeded 1000.

## MADAGASCAR.

The Gazette de l'Ile Maurice, of the 28th October, last contains the following advertisement of a work on Madagascar, to be sold in the French MS. or printed by subscription:—The Great Dictionary of Madagascar; Part I, containing the Madacasse before the French; and Part II, the French before the Madacasse." "A work," continues the advertisement, "containing a collection of all publications on that extensive island, from Flaccourt down to the present time, respecting the ancient and modern manners of the inhabitants; its trade, navigation, natural history, hitherto investigated; the most approved political systems for its colonization; sundry projects for forming settlements upon it, &c. &c.; the languages of the several nations now resident on the island; the analysis of every separate word traced back to its primitive origin, in order to enable the learned reader to ascertain from what part of the world each tribe of its present inhabitants formerly emigrated. A grammar of the two idioms spoken in the north and south, preceded by an introductory preface, in which is exhibited an analysis of the language, a development of its genius, and the formation of the words used in it. By Barthelemi Huet de Froberville, ex-captain of infantry. The extensive plan of this work supersedes all future reference to the former voluminous publications on the subject, as it comprises them all either in abstract, or, if the object is important, in the words of the authors; contradictory testimonies of authors are contrasted; coincidence of relation reduced to uniformity of system; and on contradictory opinions that can lead to no conclusion, doubts are stated.

## POLAND.

Within about five years, from 1807 to 1812, a considerable number of works have been published in this country on subjects intended to promote a taste for letters and instruction. Among others, several translations from the best foreign works on natural history, botany, agriculture, mathematics, mechanics, geometry, the fine arts, and rural economy. We cannot pretend to describe to what extent these works may be circulated among the population; but, from the spirit which has offered them to the country, it may be hoped that Poland will resume her place among the learned and liberal nations of Europe.

M. Malte Brun, known as the able author of a system of geography, and of a valuable collection of travels, announces at Paris a new periodical work under the title of *Minerva*, or Varieties in History, Geography, Literature, and Philosophy. His prospectus gives the idea of a most comprehensive plan, and he proposes to draw his materials from all modern languages, particularly from the English.

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M. CAREY has in press, Travels of Ali Bey, in Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey, between the years 1803 and 1807. Written by himself, and translated into English.